

ALIEN 3

MA2.50RE
AUD. PRICE



PREFACE

Again and again a persistent question haunts the pundits and proselytizers of an emerging analysis within the social sciences regarding pop culture. Where, oh where is one to place in the currents of media history the legacy and never-ending reverberations spewing forth from the modestly, yet poignantly entitled work known as Anti-Social Magazine? Reams of paper and countless trees have been wasted in feebly realized college term papers and overblown, rhetorically moribund scholarly journals fumbling over this sociological and artistic puzzle.

Within the following pages, dear reader, you will be intellectually challenged beyond your mental capacity and headfirst plunged into this incomprehensibly stimulating controversy. Never, since Joyce's Ulysses, has a work induced such divergent opinions and speculations.

Take for example the series known as Space Inquisition.



?????

We can only guess as to how one solitary human could compose such a demoniacally brilliant saga, without the help of some nether beasts or enlightened angels. Not since the Bard himself has so much genius escaped from one pen.

And what can one say of the series Future Man? Perhaps Arno Somerset, in his famous essay, "Future Man and the Persistence of the Alienated Soul," said it best when he fervently exclaimed, "The social dynamics inherent in the thoughts and thwarted actions depicted in Future Man serve as a blinding beacon in the fierce darkness of the midnight of the American soul."

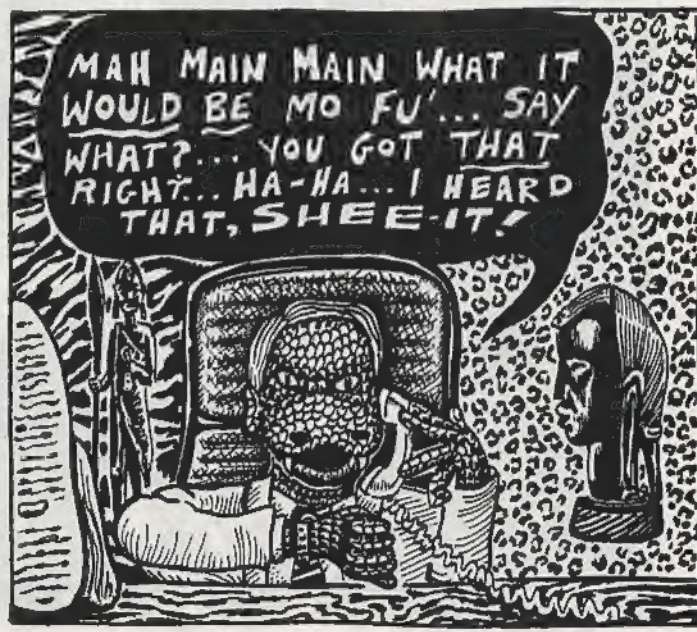
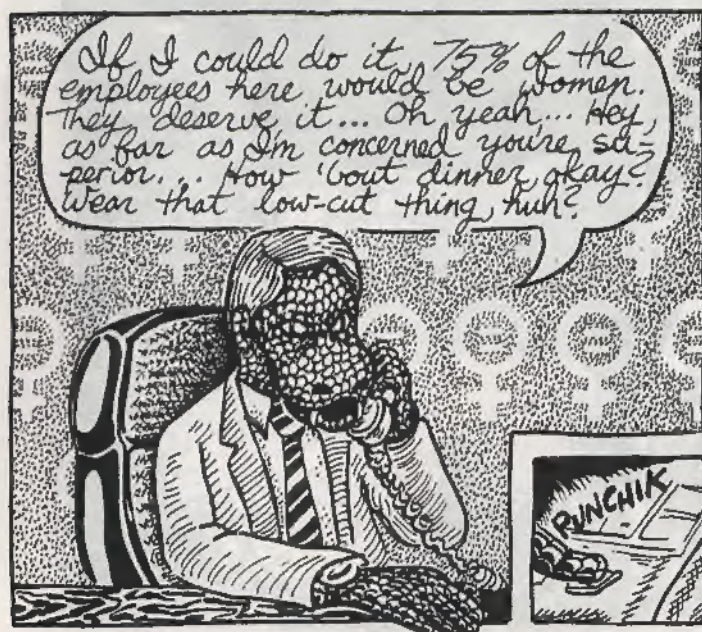
But what of you? Do you really think that you are ready for such a demanding reading challenge? Are you sure you are willing to sacrifice your leisure time to such an exhaustive, yet invigorating visual experience that may just force you to re-examine your entire life and your well rehearsed modes of thinking? Perhaps this simple test can help you decide.

MATH

Joan Didion is busy on an article for the New York Review of Books. If her editor demands 5,000 words and she is experiencing writer's block at word 3,924, how many more words must she struggle with to complete this assignment?

Mikhail Baryshnikov is staging a new ballet, but on opening night, his lead ballerina has the flu. If 12 hours is all the time she has to get well, how much cold medicine can she take if the directions only allow for one dose every 4 hours?

Continued on inside back cover.



THERE IS GOOD & THERE IS EVIL-RIGHT? THERE IS KINDNESS & THERE IS CRUELTY. KNOWLEDGE & IGNORANCE. IT'S ALL SO SIMPLE, AINT IT? OR IS IT? ARE THESE THINGS ALL 2 SIDES OF THE SAME COIN? WHAT DOES THAT MEAN? IT SEEMS MOST OF ITS A MURKY IN-BE-TWEEN. PERHAPS ITS DANGEROUS WHEN PEOPLE ONLY SEE GOOD & EVIL. CERTAINLY DANGEROUS WHEN EVIL MEANS ARE USED FOR THE 'GREATER' GOOD. YET, MUCH OF THE WORLD SEEMS TO BE RUN ON THAT PRINCIPLE. I GUESS IT ALL LOOKS OKAY WHEN WE CONVINCE OURSELVES THAT WE'RE THE GOOD GUYS. WE ARE, AREN'T WE? OH YEAH.

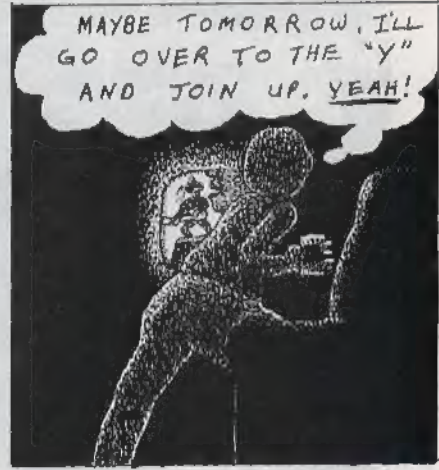
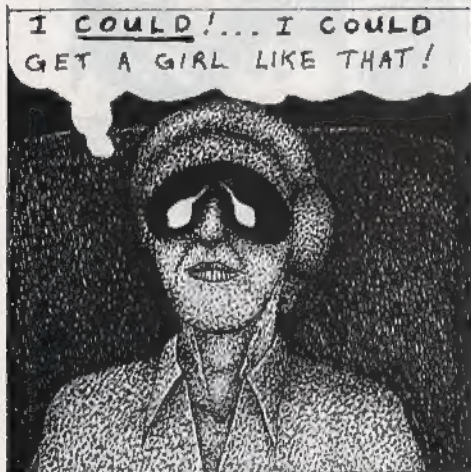
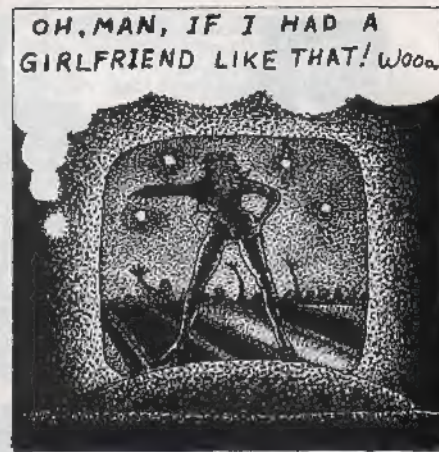
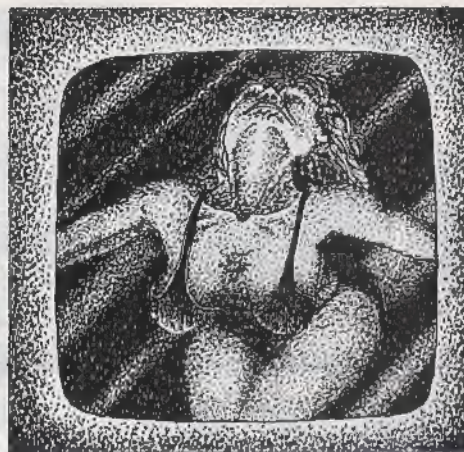




NEXT: THE WACKY BANALITY OF EVIL OR - BLOOD, GUTS AND MORE!

FUTURE MAN

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YEAH, I KNOW THE CHICKS ... THEY KNOW ME ... I KNOW WHERE
TA GO, WHERE TA GETTUM, YEAH... I KNOW THIS CITY LIKE THE
BACK MY HAND. WERE GUNNA HAVE A GOOD TIME, YOU AN' ME !!!

HEY, DONNY, THERE'S
SUM KINDA SORTA
WHITE STUFF ALL
OVER YER REKERDS!
KINDA STICKY!

OH, AHH...
THAT'S JUST
PIZZA
CHEESE!

BRIOS.

©1983 K.L. ROBERTS



THAT GIRL... OVER THERE?..
SHE WORKS IN MY BUILDING!



HEEY!! SHE'S CUMMIN'
THIS WAY!!!



Hi... uh... HEY... uh... WH...
uh... "MRP"... uh... THIS IS.



CLARITY

YES, A WORLD OF CRYSTAL CLARITY. IT'S ALL CLEAR TO ME. NOTHING FUZZY. I SEE WHAT IS THERE & PERCEIVE IT. USING LOGIC I INTERPET MY PERCEPTIONS & DEDUCE A CONCLUSION. ONCE SETTLED UPON A CONCLUSION I DECIDE THE PROPER ACTION. I DON'T GET EMOTIONAL. I DON'T MOAN WHEN I ORGASM. I JUST TAKE A DEEP BREATH, FILL MY MIND WITH OXYGEN & ALL IS CLEAR.

SPACE INQUISITION





THE INCRECIBLE NOT-YET NORMAL MAN

EXCUSE ME! I NEED
A REFERRAL! I NEED
SOME PROFESSION-
AL ADVICE!

I-I-I
GOTTA
KNOW
IF
I'M
NORMAL
!!!

DO YOU
KNOW ANYONE
WHO COULD
GIVE ME SOME
ADVICE OVER?
THE PHONE?

I'VE GOT
ISSUES
I CAN'T
RESOLVE!

SOME
TIMES I
DRINK TOO
MUCH COFFEE!!
COULD SOMEBODY
OUT THERE TELL ME HOW
TO STOP!!

SHOULD I JUST
DO WHAT I FEEL
LIKE? BUT, WHAT
ABOUT GUILT?
HOW DO I DEAL
WITH MY CONFLICTS?

I FIND IT HARD TO GET AN ANSWER- I CAN'T
SEEM TO FORMULATE THE QUESTIONS CORRECTLY
SOMETIMES I-I-I FANTASIZE!

WOULD PRO-
FESSIONAL
COUNSELING
HELP ME?

THE BLACK EXPERIENCE



YOU DIDN'T
FORGET THE
WINE DID
YOU ?

NO WAY...IT'S
IN THE 'FRIDGE.
I GOT AN OUNCE
OF COLUMBO FROM
STICK MAN AT
WORK TODAY, TOO!!

OH, LORETTA,
WE GET THESE
GUYS FLYIN'
AN WELL SEE
SOME FRIC-TION
TO-NIGHT,
WOOOO!!

AMEN, SISTER!
LISTEN, I'LL
SAY I THINK I
FORGOT TO CLOSE
THE FRONT DOOR
AND WE HAVE TO
GET OVER THERE
RIGHT AWAY!

OH YEAH, IF
WE DONT GET
OVER THERE THE
CATS'LL GET
OUT AN' THE
BURGLARS'LL
GET IN!

WE'LL HAVE THEM
COME UP WITH US
'CAUSE WE JUS'
TWO SCARED LIL
GIRLS! HEE HEE

LUCKILY, OUR FRONT
DOOR IS CLOSED,...
YOU ALWAYS FORGETTIN'
STUFF, LORETTA.... BUT,
AS LONG AS WE'RE UP
THEY MI'SWELL COME
IN FOR A DRINK!

PRaise JESUS,
CECILLE!! WE'LL
PUT ON SOME
MUSIC TURN
THE LIGHTS DOWN.
MAURICE AN' BERNARD
WILL BE DEAD
DUCKS!!

YOU WANNA SHARE
TONIGHT LORETTA
I COULD DIG
CRAWLIN' ALL OVER
THAT MAN ONE
TIME!!

HANDS OFF, GIRL!
MAURICE IS MY
LIL SUGARBUNS
THIS EVENING!

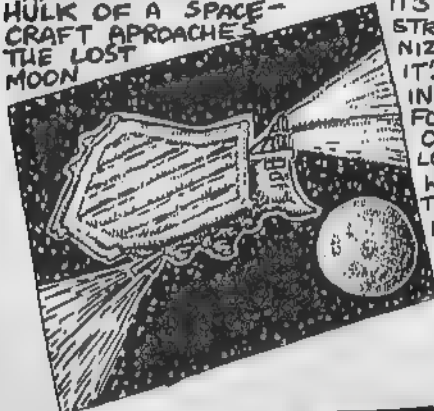
HEL-LOOO
LADIES!

WE
ARE
BACK!

I'M GONNA FIND MYSELF AN IDEOLOGY BABY- SO I DON'T
 HAFTA THINK FOR MYSELF / GONNA FIND MYSELF AN ID-
 EOLOGY BABY, SO I KIN PUT MY MIND ON THE SHELF/
 THEN EVERYTHING I READ OR SEE / WELL IT WON'T
 MEAN A THING TO ME / CAUSE I WON'T LISTEN,
 CAN'T YOU SEE / IF IT DON'T FIT MY IDEOLOGY

SPACE JOURNALISM

AN UNMARKED, WORN-OUT
 HULK OF A SPACE-
 CRAFT APPROACHES
 THE LOST
 MOON

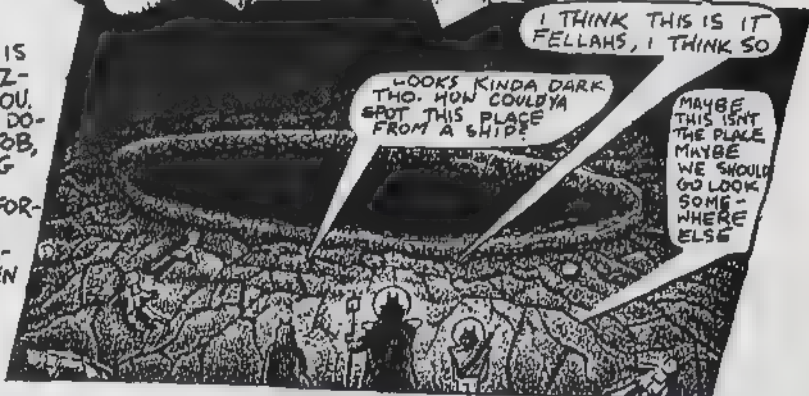


IT'S MISSION IS
 STRICTLY BIZ-
 NIZ. MIND YOU,
 IT'S JUST DO-
 ING IT'S JOB,
 FOLLOWING
 ORDERS,
 LOOKING FOR-
 FORWARD TO
 THE WEEK-
 END WHEN
 IT CAN
 DRINK
 BEER.

I THINK THIS IS IT
 FELLAHS, I THINK SO

LOOKS KINDA DARK
 THO. HOW COULDA
 SPOT THIS PLACE
 FROM A SHIP?

MAYBE
 THIS ISN'T
 THE PLACE
 MAYBE
 WE SHOULD
 GO LOOK
 SOME-
 WHERE
 ELSE



SHED
 DON'T FOOL
 ME! THIS
 MUST BE THE
 PERFECT GROUND
 WHERE TO AFOREVER BANISH THESE UN-
 DROWN SLOBS!

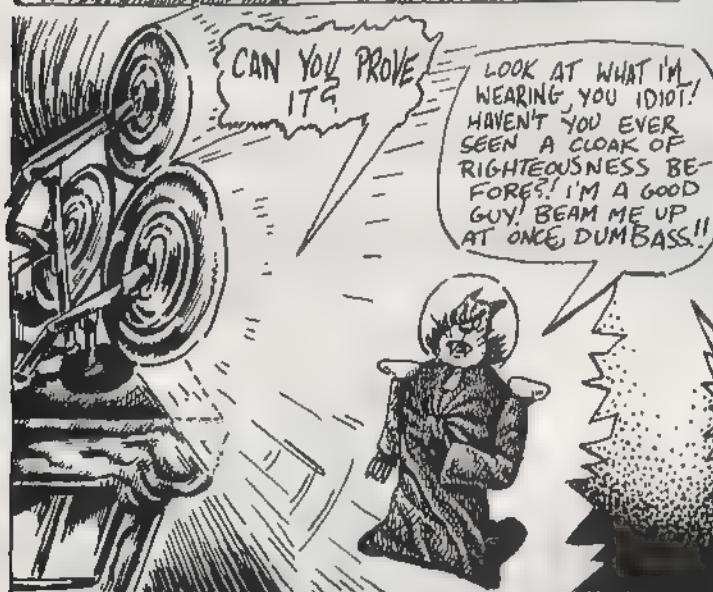
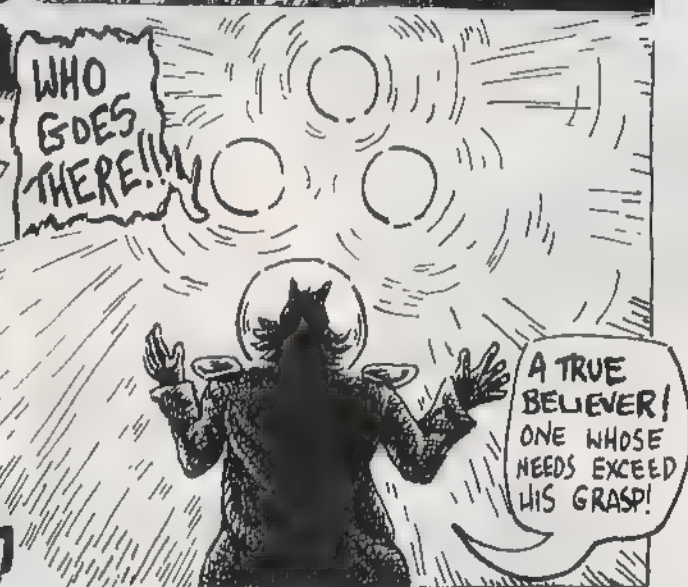
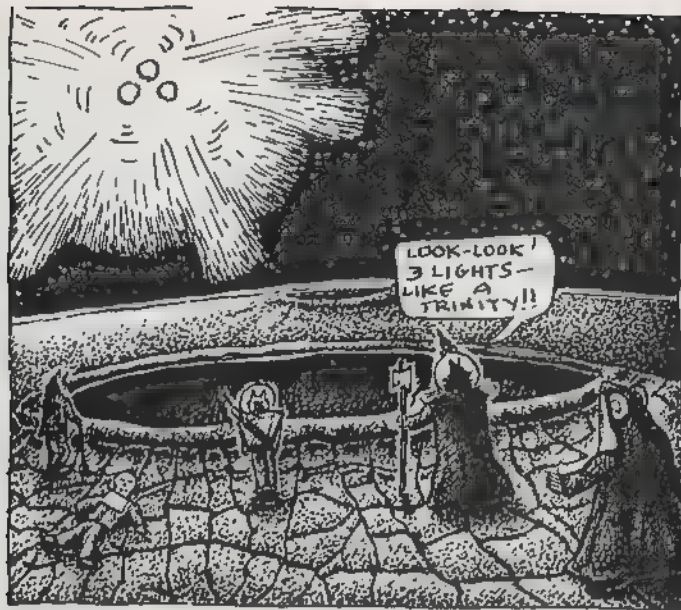


NOT JUST 2ND! 10 CORPSES!
 THIS IS INSANE! THEY SHOULD
 ALL BE BURIED! THEY LAID OUT
 HERE TO ROT! HOW COULD ANY-
 ONE JUST PASS THIS BY? THEY
 WILL BE BURIED! BUT I
 WON'T DO IT ALONE!



COME BACK
 HERE!! ...
 COME BACK!!





NEXT: GOOD GUYS WEAR BLACK OR-MAY THE 'THREAT' BE WITH YOU

WHAT WILL THE ANTI-SOCIAL PERSON BE WEARING THIS YEAR?

THE '85

BOLD!

FUNCTIONAL

COLLECTION

Erotic

FROM

MR. KENNETH

"UTILITY WEAR"



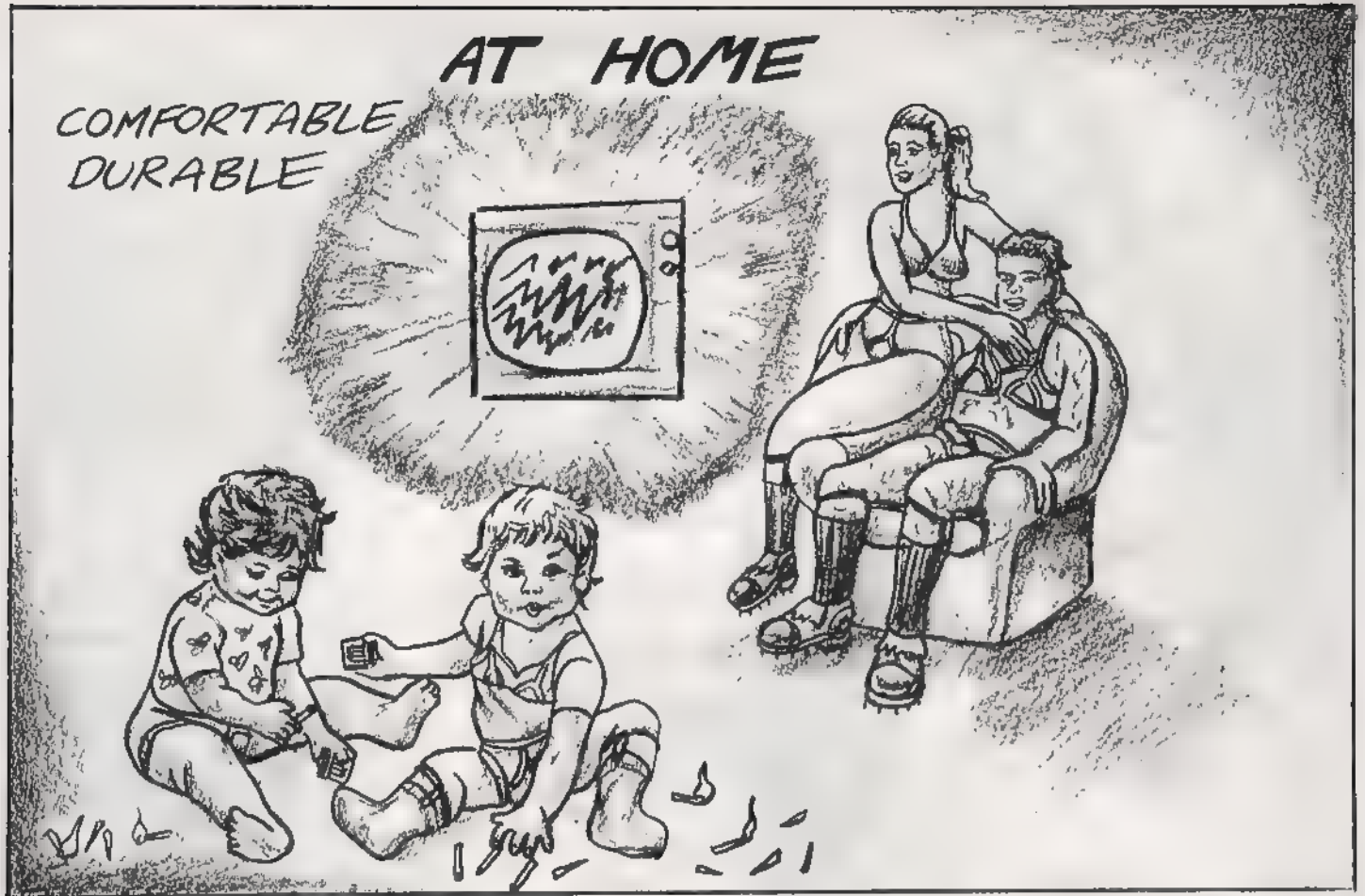
THE LOOK IS BOLD, DECISIVE. THE ANTI-SOCIAL PERSON DOESN'T CARE WHAT OTHER PEOPLE THINK OR DO. HE/SHE CARVES HIS/HER OWN PATH IN THE WORLD. WHETHER AT WORK OR PLAY. THE ANTI-SOCIAL PERSON WANTS TO BE COMFORTABLE AND STYLISH. UNDERSTATED BUT NOT UNNOTICED.





AT HOME

COMFORTABLE
DURABLE



AT THE BEACH

MR. KENNETH'S UTILITY WEAR
DOUBLES AS A HAT - TO PREVENT
SUNSTROKE



ENTERTAINING GUESTS

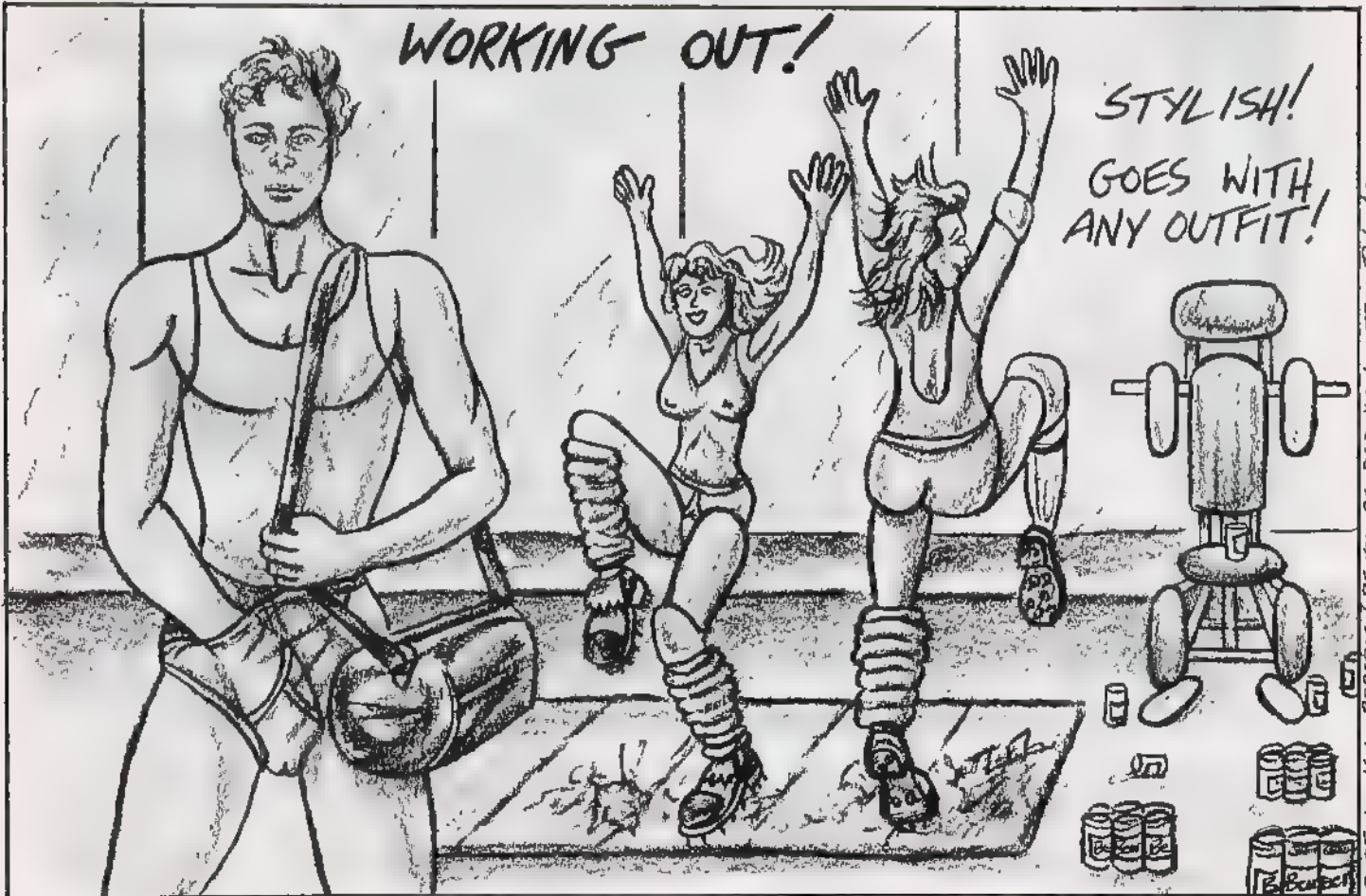
FESTIVE COLORS!
SENSUOUS FABRICS!
LEATHER!

HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA



WORKING OUT!

STYLISH!
GOES WITH
ANY OUTFIT!



Meet

©1983 Tom Roberts

JOHN
DOE

MEET JOHN DOE—
SHAKE HIS HAND,
MAKE YOUR PEACE
WITH THE LITTLE MAN.

IF YOU WANT
SUCCESSSSSSSS
^{IN}
EXCESSSSSS
_{SUCCESS}



"opportunity"
"knocks"
"hundreds of"
"times each week"

It's ALL easy
to conceive—
you gotta be
BOLD—
TAKE RISKS—
put on your
blinders—
be an
ASSHOLE

WILL
YOU BE
READY



the Little
people



THE 'JOHN DOES'

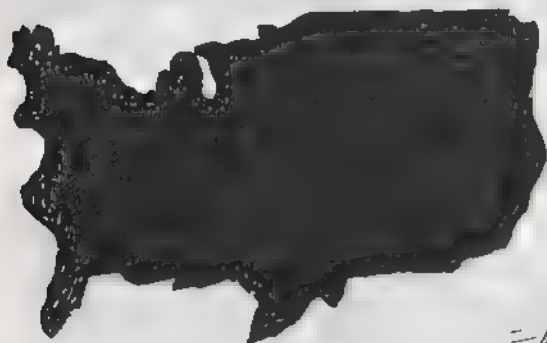
they drink
lotsa C/LA!

they're trusting

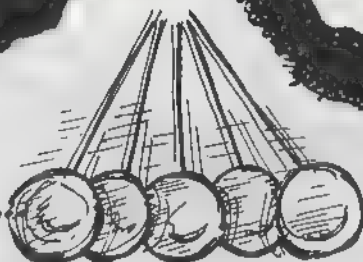
**DON'T VIOLATE
THAT TRUST**

they're the
LIFEBLOOD
of this economy

THE COUNTRY SWINGS TO
THE LEFT



the pendulum
moves all the time.



THE COUNTRY SWINGS TO
THE RIGHT



its in the news
media - so it must
be true

LEARN TO FOLLOW TRENDS

MEET JOHN DOE -

HE THINKS HE KNOWS HIS NEEDS.
FIND OUT WHAT HE WANTS,
THEN TELL HIM WHAT HE NEEDS.

JUST SAY - Hey - Mr. Doe:



← THIS
IS REAL

YOU ARE NOT!

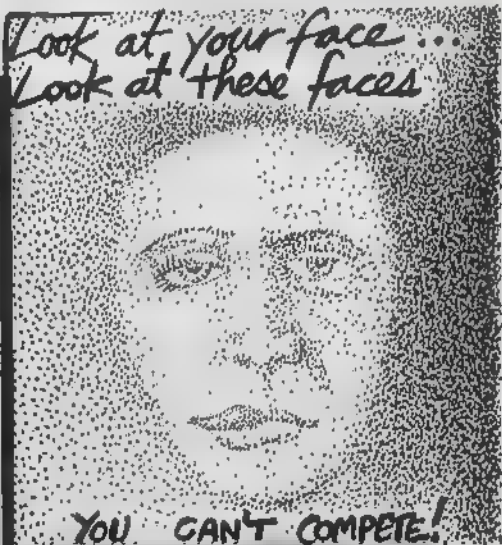
Look at your body, Mr. Doe

Look at
these
bodies!



HUBBA-HUBBA

Look at your face ...
Look at these faces



YOU CAN'T COMPETE!

The ideal is real - you are inadequate
You must buy the self-improvement pro-
ducts - You must turn the wheels of this economy!!

Yes, It's Just that simple!

Hook into
his feelings
of **INFERIORITY**
and make him
SELL HIS
\$OUL:

Give him fantasies -

Feed those fantasies -

BUT ALWAYS MAKE SURE HE WANTS

MORE

TELL HIM HE'S FREE - AS LONG AS HE CAN **BUY**

TELL HIM HE'S PRIVILEGED - LONG AS HE'S GOT **CREDIT**

TELL HIM HOW TO HAVE FUN - SO HE WON'T HAFTA **GUESS**

TELL HIM THE NEWS - SO HE CAN FEEL **INFORMED**

TELL HIM HE CAN REBEL - AS LONG AS HE DON'T GO TO **JAIL**

MAKE HIM FEEL DROWSY - SO HE CAN GET THE **SLEEP** HE NEEDS

MEET JOHN DOE
DONT LET HIM GET TOO BORED
HE MIGHT START FEELING RESTLESS
HE MIGHT FEEL HE'S BEING
IGNORED

MOST OF THE TIME OLD JOHN
CAN EASILY BE **ENCOURAGED**
BUT OCCASIONALLY HE FEELS
ILL AT EASE - HE GETS
CRANKY FROM TIME TO TIME.
A LITTLE **UNGRATEFULL** - NOT
APPRECIATING ALL HE HAS
AT HIS **FINGERTIPS**

AWWWW
POOR LITTLE MAN!
HELPLESS LONELY CRYING
OUT IN THE NIGHT! TALK TO
ME MISTER DOE - YOU'LL FEEL
BETTER IF YA DO

"I'm just a little man - the big bad guys won't let me be - I want mine, they got thiers -

Please Mr. President - set me free

Please Mr. Boss MAN - look at me

Please, Please, Please - I pray at night

I cant get what I want, What I know x
is right.

Mr Big Bad Big
won't let me be -

I'm just a
little man
lost at sea -

Help Me.

Help

ME

ME

ME

I'm a victim of the system

TRUTH

I want the TRUTH

WHAT CAN I DO?

MEET JOHN DOE

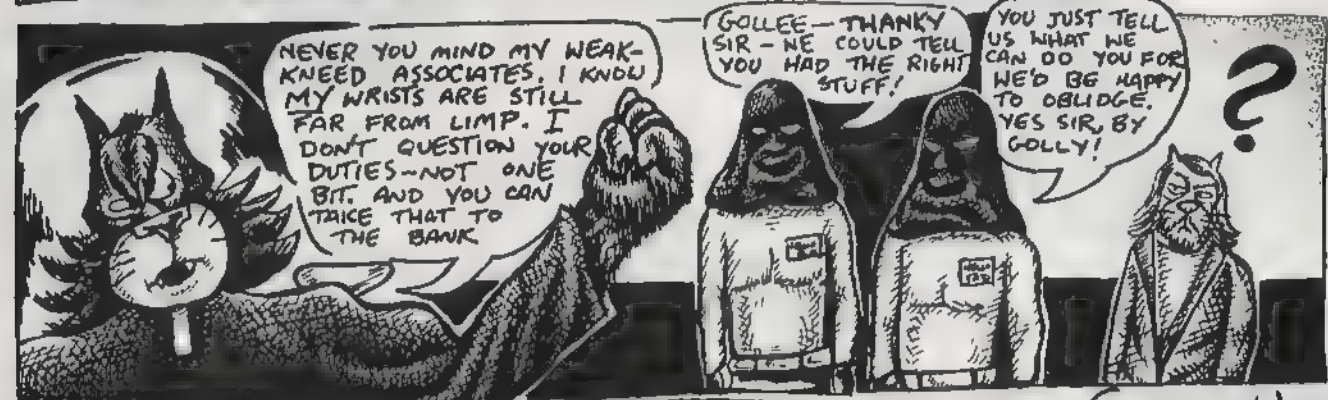
HE'S NOTHING MUCH TO SEE
HE'S LOST IN THE MODERN WORLD
NOT SURE WHO HE SHOULD BE



TAKING THE UNIVERSE FOR GRANTED: I WANT CONTROL AND I'VE GOT IT! I DON'T WANT TO WALK THROUGH THE BAD SIDE OF TOWN. DON'T WANT NO VERMIN FOLLOWING ME. DON'T WANNA TALK TO MY 'LESSERS' ON THE JOB. I WANT IT ALL A BLUR UNTIL I CHOOSE IT TO STOP — LIKE FAST FORWARD, FAST CARS, FAST DRINKS IN FAST BARS, LIKE KEEPING MYSELF IN A CONSTANT SEA OF NOISE & CONFUSION. I JUST CASUALLY STOMP ON THE BRAKES WHEN I WANT IT TO S T O P RRRRRRR

SPACER STATION





NEXT-INTO THE WILD BLACK YONDER
OR: THE GOOD, THE BAD & THE INDIFFERENT

THE RELIGIOUS EXPERIENCE

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NOW, WHEN I GET TO
"THE POWER OF CHRIST"... COME
IN TIGHT AND HIT ME WITH
A COUPLA BLUE SPOTS ...

OK!

AFTER THE HEALING
YOU GO TO THE VIDEO
TAPE ...

GOTCHA!

RIGHT AFTER I CALL
FOR THE PRAYER, DIM THE
LIGHTS AND BRING UP THE
OVER HEAD FLOODS...GIVE ME
ABOUT ... °°°H.... 10 SECONDS.

REVEREND
TAKE ?

REVEREND
TAKE ?

HOW WAS THE
MUSIC UNDER
THE GIFT SEG-
MENT?

FINE!

OH, REVEREND JAKE,
I NEED TO FEEL THE
POWER OF JESUS
CHRIST, AGAIN!

YES, SISTER,
"PRAISE JESUS",
CAN I HELP
YA IN SOME
WAY?

WHY...UH SISTER...YES,
SISTER CYNTHIA... WHY
DONT WE -UH- GO BACK
TO MY DRESSING ROOM
WHERE WE CAN BE AS-
SURED OF A VISITATION
BY OUR SAVIOR!!

AMEN,
REV'REND!

YES, MY DAUGHTER, YOU KNOW THE RITUAL. TO PREPARE FOR THE LORD YOU MUST BE LIKE THE INNOCENT CHILD. THEREFORE, CAST OFF THY PRETENTIOUS OUTER GARMENTS AND PREPARE FOR THE HOLY SPIRIT TO ENTER YOU!

THANK YOU, REVEREND JAKE!

NOW AS YOU KNOW, TO BRING THE HEALING POWER TO YOU, I MUST TOUCH YOU IN A VERY SPECIAL WAY AND AS ALWAYS, YOU MUST KEEP THE VOW OF SILENCE! FOR IF YOU BREAK A COVENANT WITH GOD YOU SHALL BURN IN THE FIRES OF HELL FOR ALL ETERNITY! DO YOU UNDERSTAND, MY CHILD?

OH, YES REVEREND JAKE!

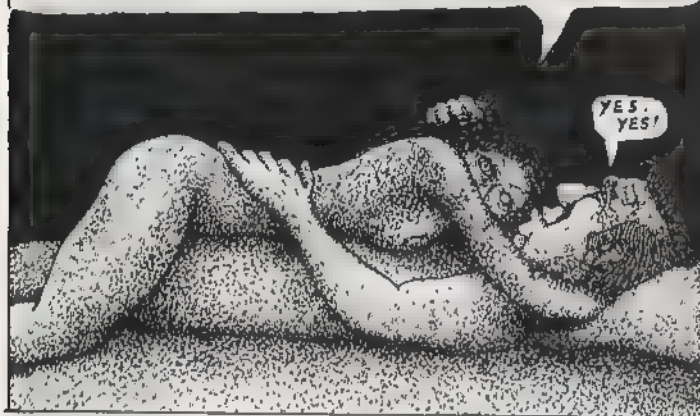
SISTER CAN YOU FEEL THE POWER OF JESUS CHRIST? CAN YOU FEEL IT BEGIN TO BUILD?... LET THE SACRED LIGHT OF THE LORD FILL YOUR BODY AND SOUL!!

LOOK UNTO THE LIGHT SISTER AND YOU SHALL BE HEALED!!

OH SHIT
BABY, YEAH...
YEAH!!

OH GOD
OH JESUS

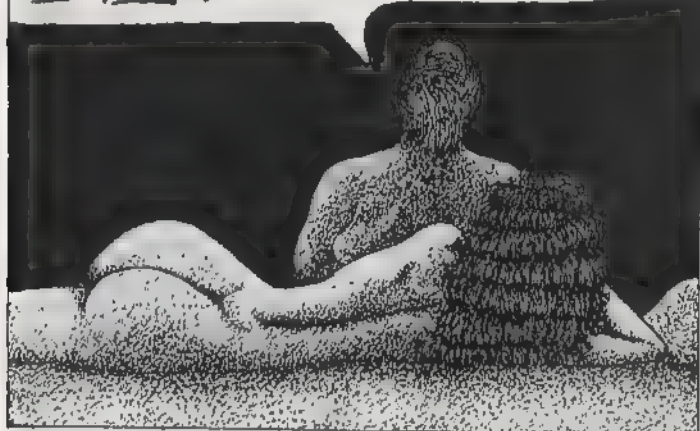
OH, REVEREND JAKE, IT WAS
JUST LIKE A BIG WHITE LIGHT
AND IT JUST WASHED OVER
MY WHOLE BODY IN SORT
OF LIKE WAVES!



REVEREND JAKE? ... HOW
DO YOU DO THAT? HOW DO
YOU MAKE ME SEE THE LIGHT
OF GOD?



OH, DARL - UH, SISTER CYNTHIA, IT
ISN'T ME. I AM JUST A TOOL
OF THE GREAT BENEFACTOR.
HIS POWER COMES THROUGH ME
TO YOU!



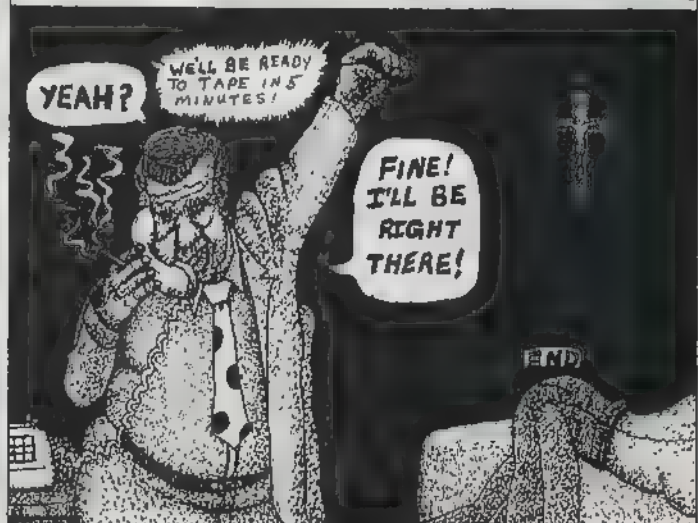
THE BIBLE TELLS US WHY;
"WHENEVER TWO OR MORE OF YOU
ARE GATHERED IN MY NAME, SO
THERE SHALL I BE."



NOW REMEMBER THE VOW OF SILENCE,
SISTER CYNTHIA AND WHENEVER YOU
NEED THE HEALING POWER, FOR
WHATEVER TROUBLES YOU, FEEL
FREE TO CALL ON YOUR HUMBLE
SERVANT, REVEREND JAKE. GOD BE
WITH YOU, SISTER!

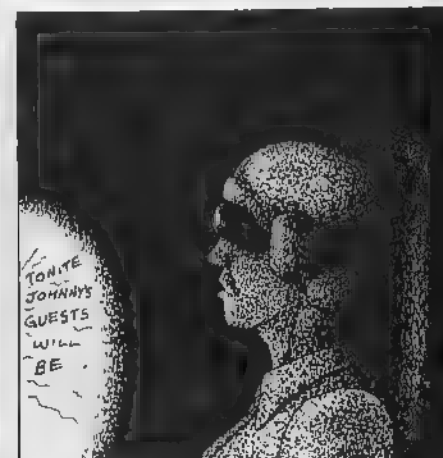
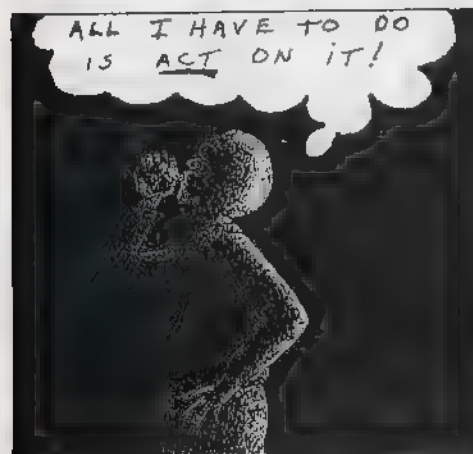
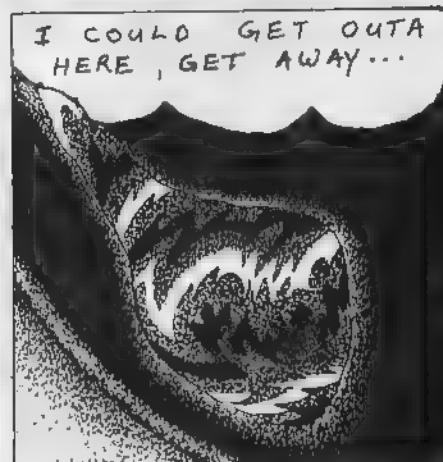
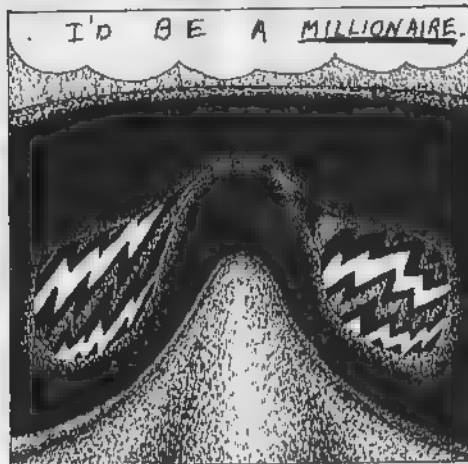
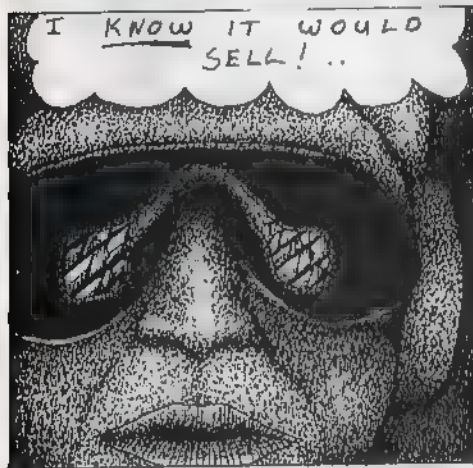


SUS LOVES YOU





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THE HACK

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GOOD MORNING, BILLY SMITH TO SEE DEKE PETERS PLEASE!!

OK, HAVE A SEAT. I'LL PAGE 'IM!

HEY - BILLY, HOWYA DOIN'? C'MON INNA MY OFFUS!

HAVA SEAT... I SEE YOU FOUND THE PLACE ALLRIGHT, HUH, SOO - WHAT'S THE GOOD WORD!!

WELL, I BROUGHT MY PORTFOLIO!

DAMN NICE WEATHER, HUH? AHH, I'LL BE OUT ON THE LINKS BEFORE LONG... YOU GOLF BILLY?

UH, NO.

WELL, WHADDAYA GOT? LETSEE SOME OF YOUR WORK!

HERE'S SOME SLIDES!

HUH... REMINDS ME OF SOME STUFF I USED TO DO.

OH YEAH?

YEAH - I SUBMITTED SOME STUFF LIKE THIS TO PLAYBOY.

YEAH? WHAT HAPPENED?

AHH... BUNCHA JERKS. DIDN'T WANNA GIVE ME ANY MONEY. SAID THEY WERE JUST STARTIN' OUT. COULDN'T AFFORD MY PRICES.

BUT YOU COULD'VE LET THEM
PRINT SOME OF YOUR STUFF FOR
LESS MONEY. THINK OF THE EXPOSURE!
YOU COULD BE FAMOUS NOW!!



AHH... YOU GOTTA LOOK OUT FOR
NUMERO UNO IN THIS BIZNIZ. 'ERES
A LOTTA BULLSHITTERS WAITIN' TO
STICK IT TO YA! FIRST TIME
YER LOOKIN' THE OTHER WAY...
THEY'LL JAB YA IN THE ASS!
BUT; YOU'LL LEARN ALL THAT. SO...
WHAT ELSE YOU GOT? WHERE'D YOU
GO TO SCHOOL? YOU A LOCAL YOKEL
OR WHAT? HA HA HA!



WELL, I'M FROM HERE BUT I
WENT TO THE U OF I AN GOT A
DEGREE IN DESIGN. I'VE DONE KEY-
LINE AND PASTEUR! I'VE GOT SOME
ANIMATION I DID IN SCHOOL. I'VE
EVEN GOT SOME COMIC STRIPS.



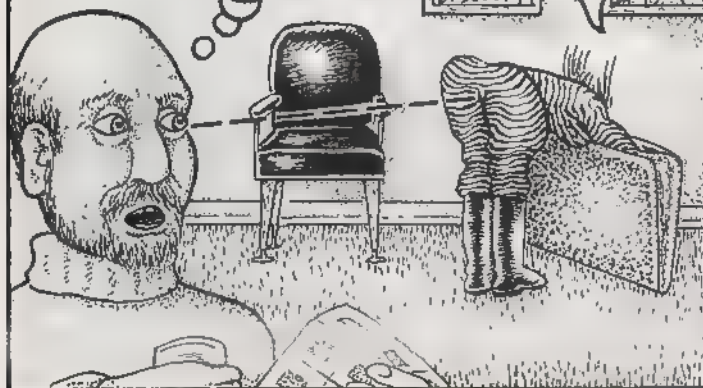
OH YEAH, LEMME SEE ALL THAT STUFF!
I BEEN KNOWN TO DABBLE IN A LOTTA
DIFFRENT STUFF MYSELF. IT'S GOOD
TO WEAR A LOTTA DIFFRENT HATS.



HMMMM. PRETTY NICE!
SAY, I COULD 'BORROW'
THIS FOR THAT
WHIZZIES SPOT WE GOT
COMING UP.

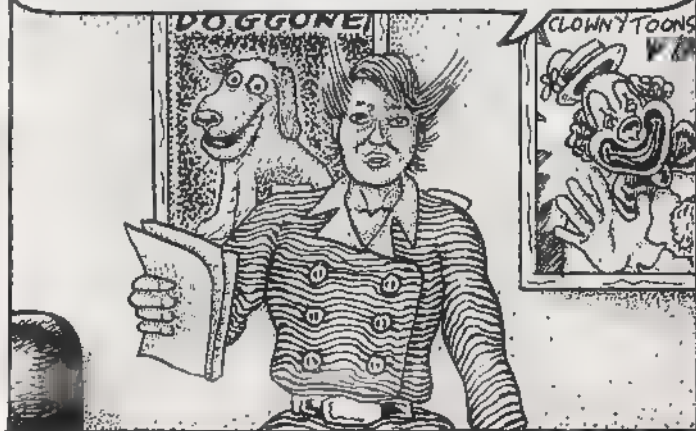
I GOT SOME STUFF
HERE I THINK YOU'LL LIKE.

I GUESS YOU'VE
GOT SOME STUFF
I'LL LIKE!! WOOO



HERE IT
IS.

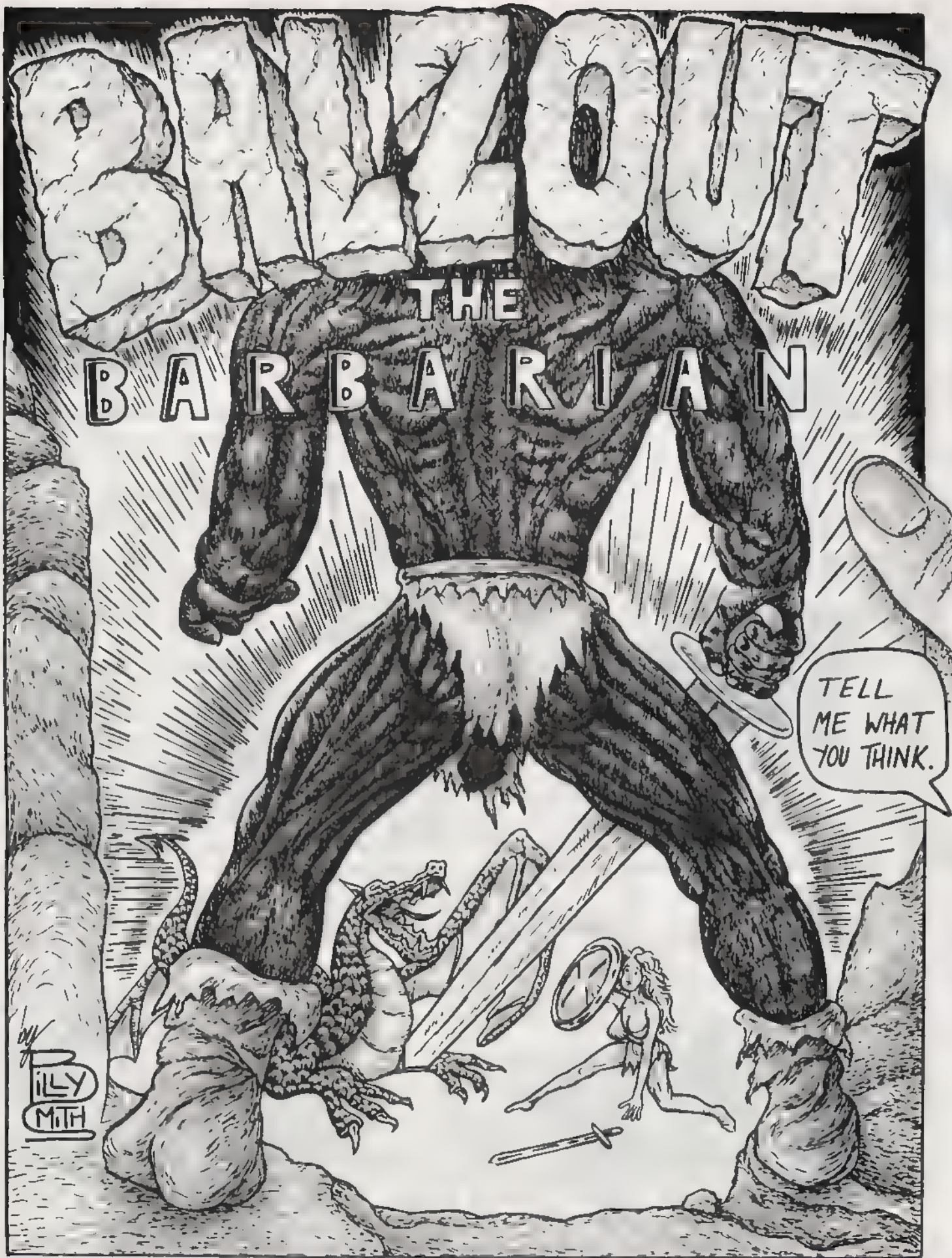
HERE'S SOMETHING I'VE BEEN
WORKING ON. I WANNA TAKE
'EM TO MARVEL OR D.C. BUT
I'D HAVE TO GO TO NEW YORK!



RAZOR THE BARBARIAN

TELL
ME WHAT
YOU THINK.

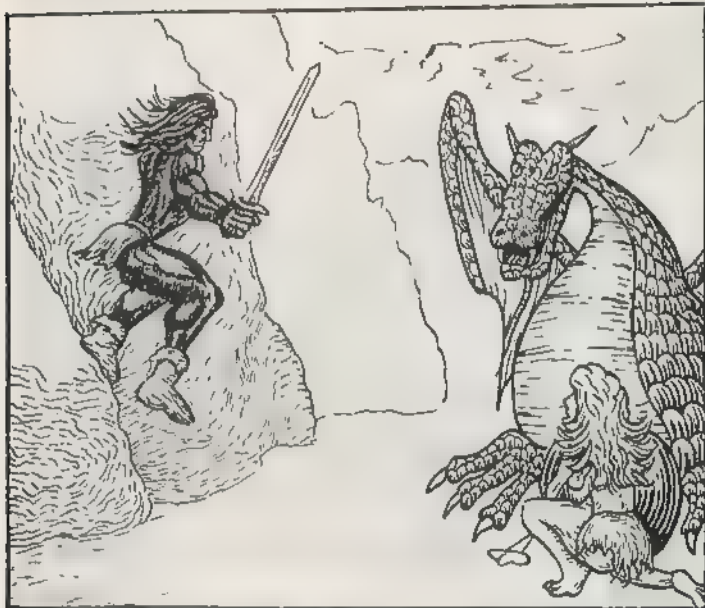
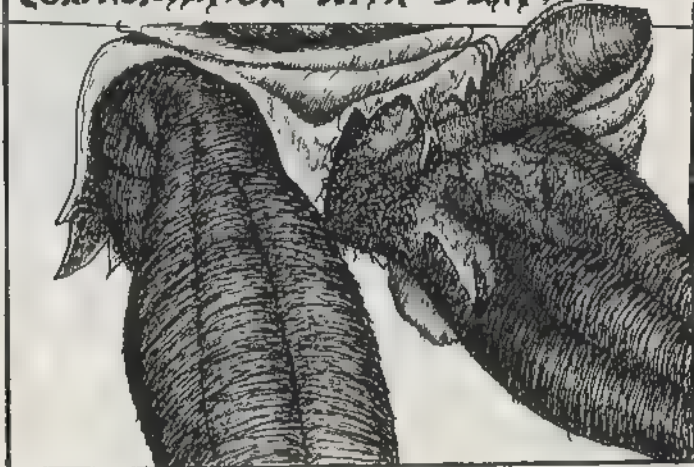
WILLY
MTH



DANGER! BATTLE! THE EYE SENDS THE SIGNALS TO THE NEANDERTHAL BRAIN: ATTACK! CONQUER! PROTECT THE WOMAN!



THE BRAIN AROUSES THE CHEMISTRY IN THE BODY. PRIMITIVE. CONFUSING BLOOD & LUST. POWER FLOWS INTO EVERY LIMB. BALZONT'S ANGRY SWORD POINTS THE WAY TO A NAKED CONFRONTATION WITH DEATH!





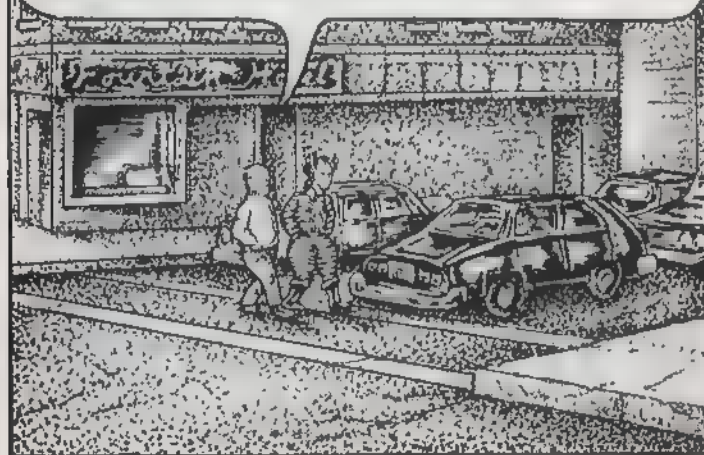
AHH... I DON'T KNOW KID... THEY GOT THAT CONAN THING.... REMEMBER TAR-ZAN?... I WAS GONNA DO THAT ONCE! BUT THINGS GOT BUSY AT WORK AN' SOMEBODY ELSE BEAT ME TO IT.



HEY KID, IT'S ALMOST LUNCHTIME. LET'S GO OVER TO MY 2ND OFFICE (HEH-HEH) AND GET A BITE TO EAT.



IT'S TRICKY - BEING FIRST WITH AN IDEA. IT DOESN'T JUST HAFTA BE A GOOD IDEA - YOU GOTTA SELL IT TA SOMEBODY. YOU GOTTA KISS ASS OR MAKE THEM KISS YERS.



IT'S A GAME, YEAH, THAT'S IT. BUT YOU GOTTA WATCH OUT WHEN YOU SHOW PEOPLE STUFF. THEY'LL STEAL IT AN' SAY THEY DID IT. IT'S A MILLION TO ONE SHOT KID! IT'S DOG EAT DOG OUT THERE!



TAKE ME, F'RINSTANCE, I WAS GONNA TRY TO SELL THIS IDEA I HAD ABOUT SPACE BATTLES, A PRINCESS AN' A YOUNG KID...



YUP... SO I WAS TALKIN' TO A GUY WHO HAD THE MONEY. TURNS OUT HE KNEW A GUY WHO HAD A FRIEND THAT WENT TO SCHOOL WITH GEORGE LUCAS. THIS WAS LIKE 5 YEARS BEFORE THE MOVIE.



HOW COME YOU DIDN'T GET STARTED BEFORE HIM?



AHH... THINGS GOT BUSY AT WORK! YOU KNOW. I WAS MOVIN' INTO A NEW APARTMENT AN' THE WIFE WAS KINDA SICK ANYWAY... I GUESS LUCAS GOT WIND OF MY IDEA AN' YOU KNOW THE REST.



DID YOU EVER THINK OF SUING HIM, SUING LUCAS?

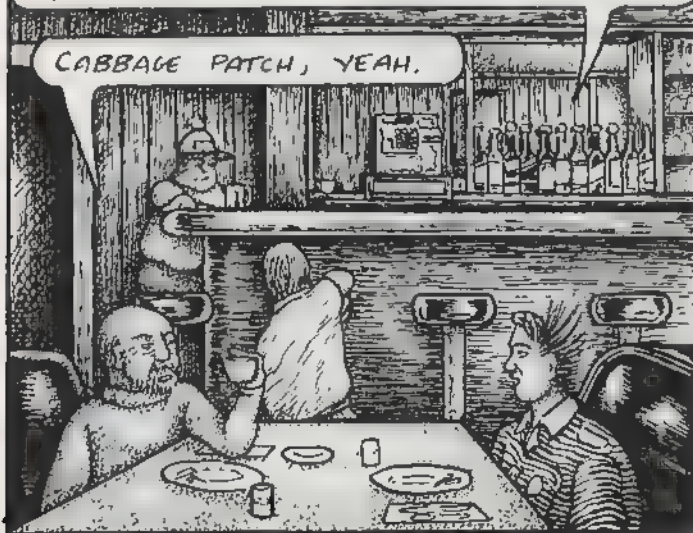


NAH, I COULDN'T AFFORD A LAWYER. BESIDES, I WAS BUSY WITH SOME OTHER THINGS. I GOT IN WITH THIS TOY MANUFACTURER. HE NEEDED SOME MERCHANDISING IDEAS. I HAD THESE DOLLS I DESIGNED AND YOU HAD TO ADOPT 'EM AT THE STORE!



THAT SOUNDS LIKE THOSE ... LETTUCE PATCH DOLLS?

CABBAGE PATCH, YEAH.

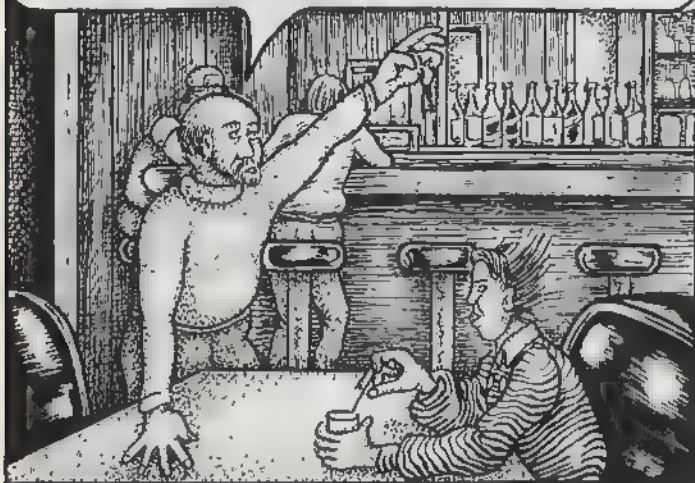


SAME OLD STORY - REEMED AGAIN!

WOW, YOU COULD'A BEEN A MILLIONAIRE!



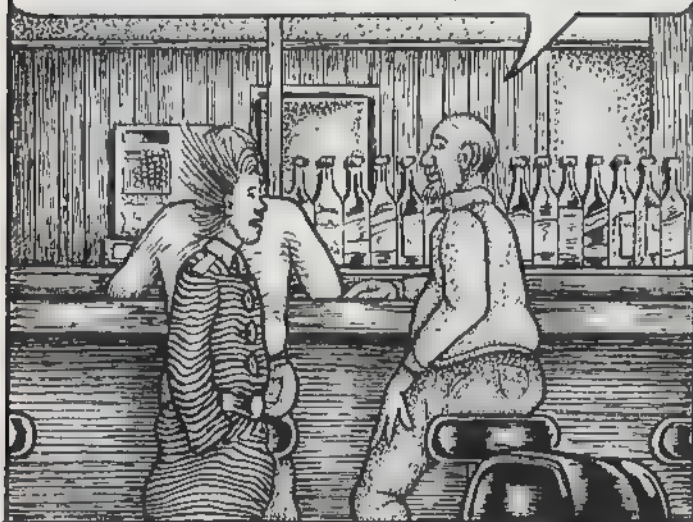
YEAH, WELL, I CAN'T COMPLAIN. I GOT MY HEALTH! (HACK-HACK) HEY, EDNA!... COUPLA DRAUGHTS, BABE!



HEY, UH - I SHOULD GET GOING. DON'T YOU HAVE TO GET BACK TO WORK OR SOMETHIN'?



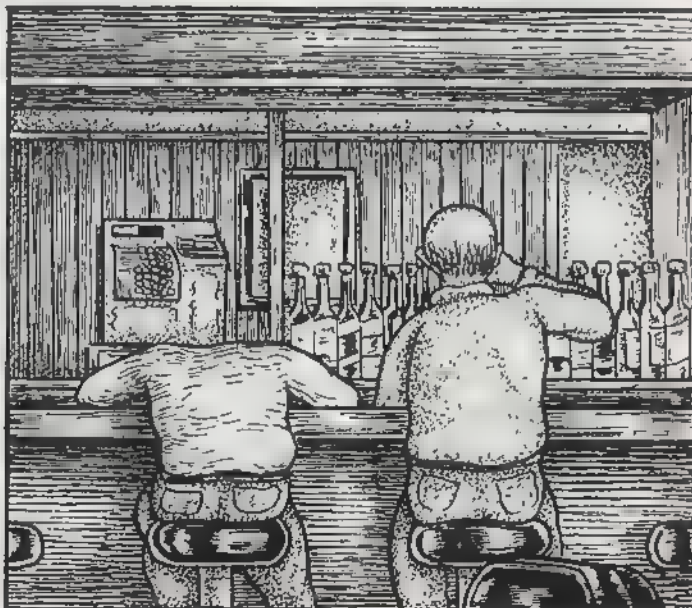
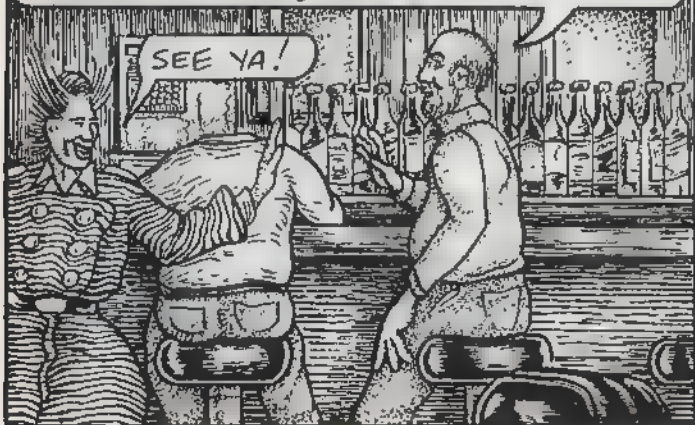
NAH, I DO THIS EVERY DAY. THE WORK GETS DONE. I'M ALWAYS THINKIN' YOU KNOW! HEH-HEH.



SAY, MAYBE WE COULD WORK ON SOMETHING TOGETHER, IF YOU'VE GOT SOME WORK, I COULD ...



UH - YEAH, SURE, GIMME A CALL! THINGS ARE KINDA NUTTY RIGHT NOW. I'LL KNOW MORE WHEN THINGS SLOW DOWN. SO... GIMME A CALL IN A - COUPLA WEEKS!! TAKE CARE.

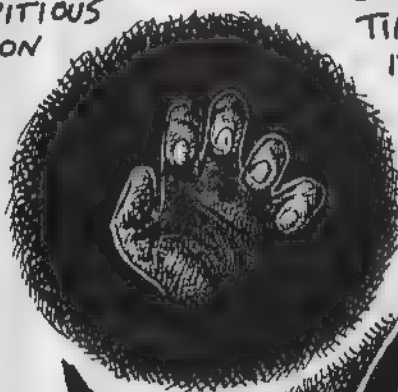


INTERVIEWER: TELL US, MISTER CHRIST, WHAT'S IT LOOK LIKE TO YOU? **J.C.**— IT'S A MESS, I'M SICK OF IT. I'M NOT COMING BACK. **I**— NOT COMING BACK! BUT EVERYONE'S EXPECTING YOU. **J.C.**— AHH! LET 'EM WAIT. LET 'EM STEW IN THIER OWN JUICES. THEY DIDN'T GET IT. NOBODY EVER GETS IT. ONCE THE POWER BROKERS GET A HOLD OF SOMETHING, IT ALL BECOMES A BLOODY MESS. **I**— BUT WHAT WILL WE DO WITHOUT YOU? **J.C.**— EAT! DRINK! MOVE YOUR BOWELS! PASS WATER! WHAT MORE DO YOU WANT? **I** WELL— **J.C.**— OH SHUT UP.

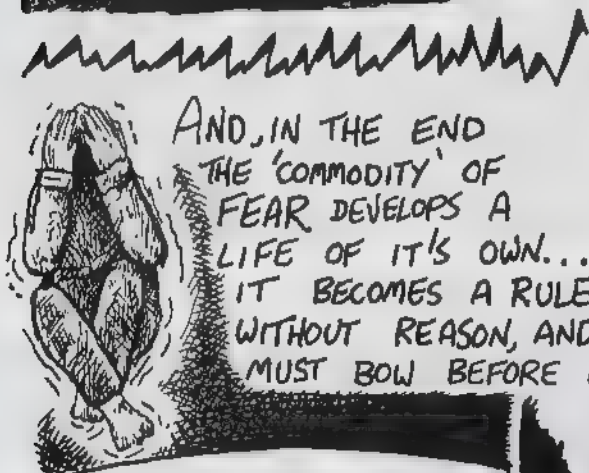
SPACE INQUISITION



IN THE COURSE OF CIVILIZATION, FEAR STARTS AS A SHADOW. THEN, IN THE HANDS OF MORE AMBITIOUS MEN, IT SOON BECOMES A COMMODITY.

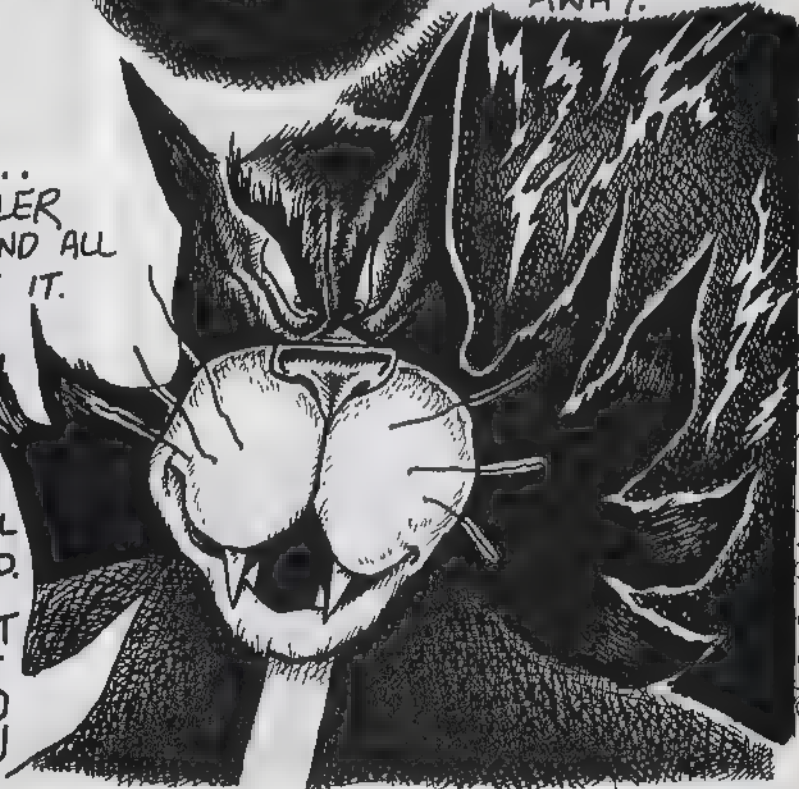


FEAR — FIRST A BODILESS FORCE, IN TIME IT MANIFESTS ITSELF IN TANGIBLE FORMS; THE CHAINED WATCHDOG; THE LOADED GUN; THE POLICE THAT ARE ONLY A PHONE CALL AWAY.



AND, IN THE END THE 'COMMODITY' OF FEAR DEVELOPS A LIFE OF IT'S OWN... IT BECOMES A RULER WITHOUT REASON, AND ALL MUST BOW BEFORE IT.

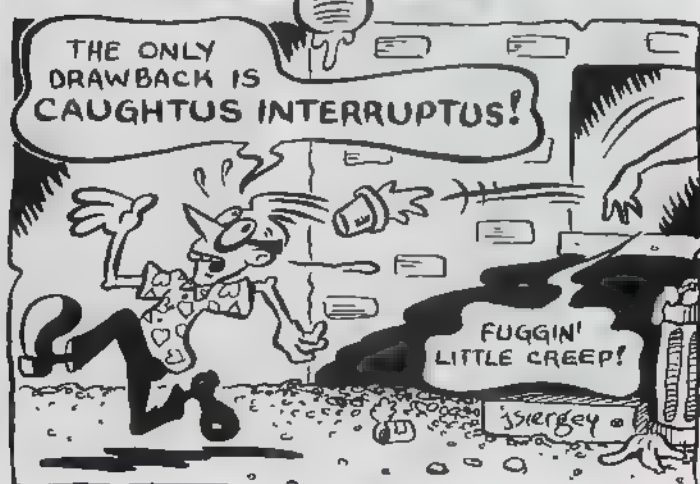
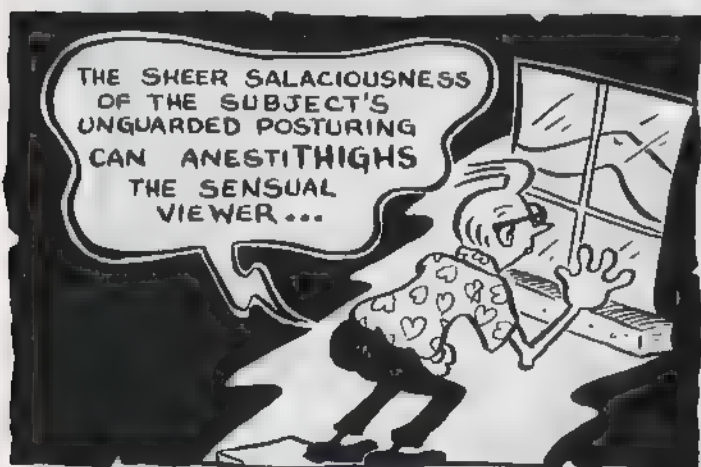
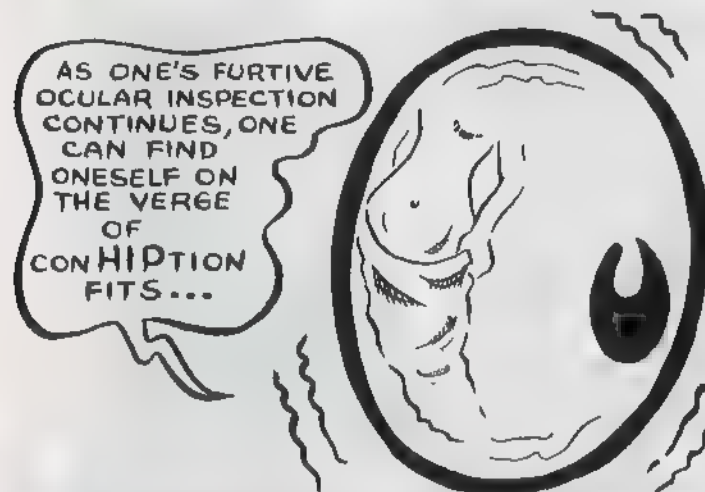
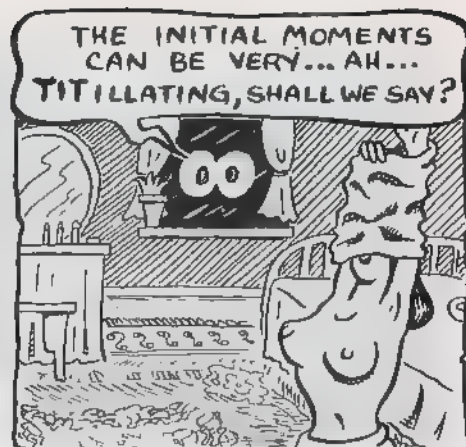
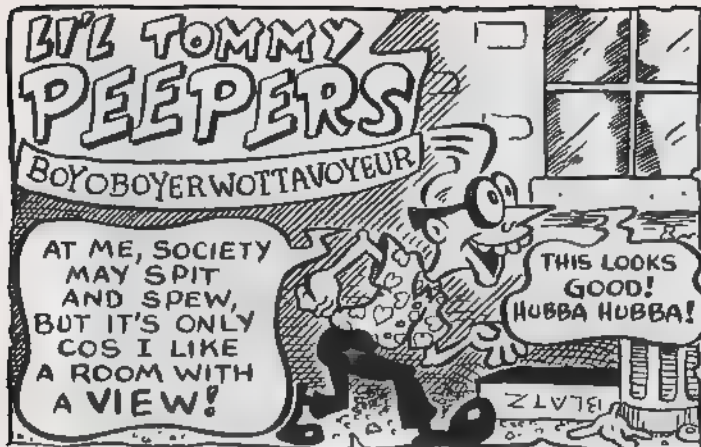
OH, AFRAID, HUH? WELL ISN'T THAT JUST TOOooooo BAD. DON'T BE SCARED! PULL THE COVERS OVER YOUR HEAD. YOU WANT ME TO LEAVE A LIGHT ON FOR YOU? DON'T BE AFRAID. I DON'T WANT YOU TO BE AFRAID LET ME TAKE CARE OF YOU



BACK ON SHIP...



NEXT: MORE SEEMINGLY ENDLESS RHETORIC OR— TOTALITARIANISM, ANYONE?



DETECTIVE STORY SIM SIERGEY

THE BODY



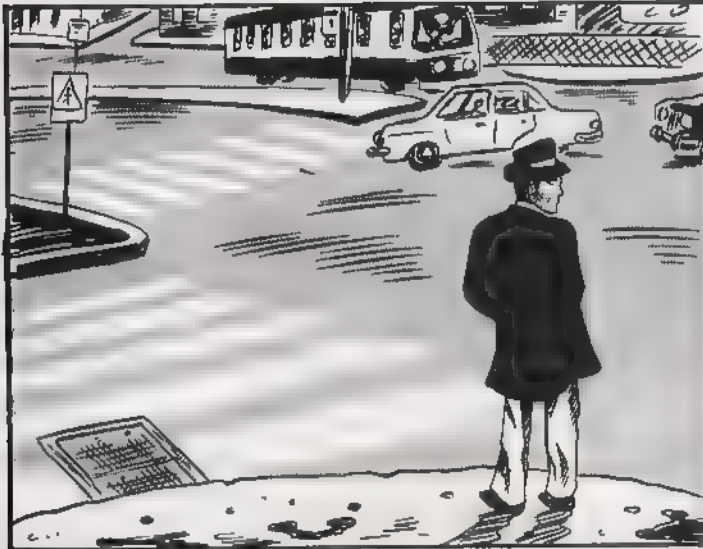
THE LEAD



THE SUSPECTS



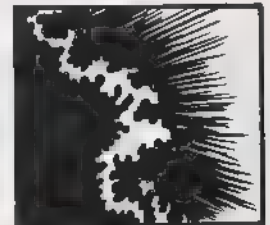
THE SEARCH



THE CLUE



THE SHOWDOWN



THE END •

LOST IN DECISIONS

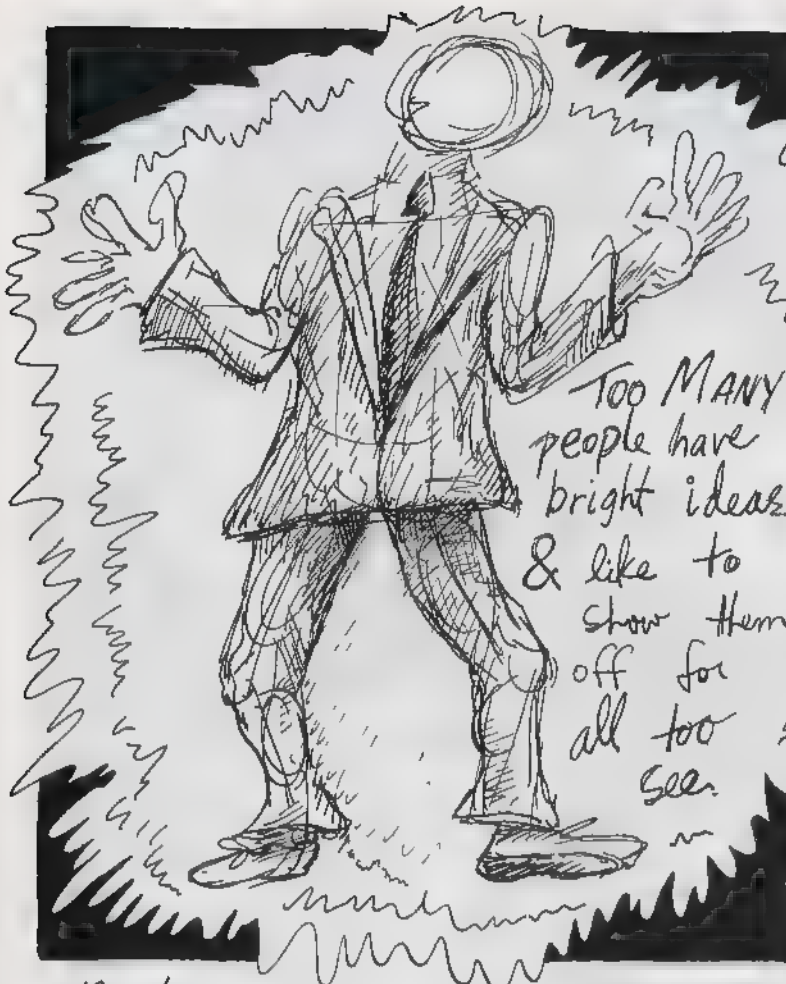
WHAT TIME IS IT? THEY WENT HOME ALREADY. I'M THE ONE WHO ALWAYS STAYS LATE — THEY LEAVE IT ALL TO ME.

I DON'T UNDERSTAND IT. THEY LET THEIR LIVES GET SO OUT OF HAND... I GOTTA COVER FOR THESE UNFORTUNATES, THEY CAN'T BE EXPECTED TO HANDLE THINGS LIKE THIS.

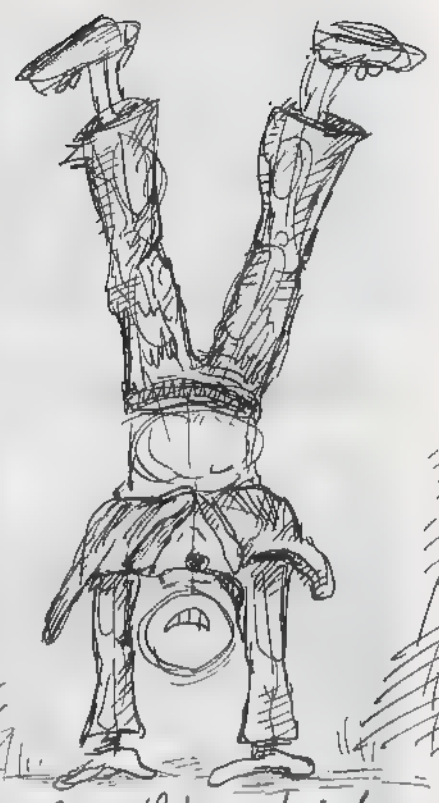
IT'S GETTING TOO EASY FOR THEM. I'LL HAFTA MAKE THINGS HARDER. I DON'T LIKE TAKING ALL THE RESPONSIBILITIES. WHAT IF I'M WRONG? WHAT IF I GET FIRED... SOMEBODY'S GOTTA MAKE THE DECISIONS AROUND HERE. YOU CAN'T TWIDDLE YOUR THUMBS FOREVER, SOMEBODY HAS TO MAKE THE MARKS ON THE PAPER & SIGN HIS NAME, OTHERWISE NOTHING HAPPENS.

-SIGH- I'LL FLIP A COIN IF I HAVE TO -

THEN THE DAY'LL BE OVER... AND I CAN GO HOME.



Too MANY
people have
bright ideas
& like to
show them
off for
all too
see.



they do their tricks
I know - & some employers
are actually impressed ...

Next
thing you
know these
people are
ACTUALLY
successful!
they
gotta good
job -
yeah -
yeah -
yeah!



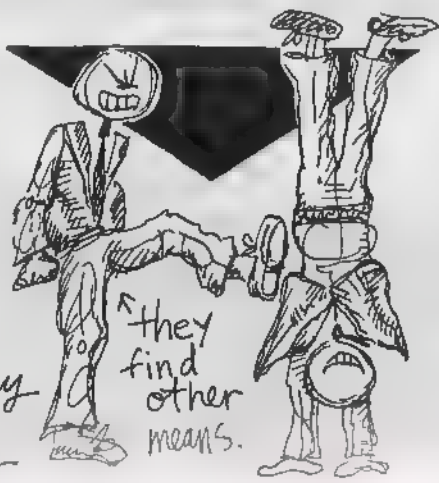
But
other
people
aren't so
successful -
they try
the same
tricks...



But
all they
get is
the
old splat-to-

FAILURE

But these
'other people
don't always
give up after
their first fail-
ures, by-gosh.
Nope. Some of them
keep trying. If they
can't achieve success
with mere talent -



↑ they
find
other
means.

So what do you do
when your competitor
builds a tower?
Build a better
one. Why
not just
tear his
tower
down?

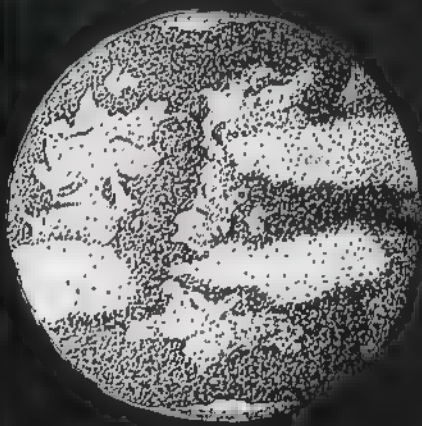


Don't
call it
sabotage
Call it
strategy!

THE BIBLE. JUST WHAT IS THIS BOOK THEY CALL THE BIBLE? ITS DYNAMITE, DEAR FRIENDS, SPIRITUAL DYNAMITE. NO LESS, NO LESS. AND I? WHAT AM I, DEAR BRETHREN? I AM JUST THE GOOD LORD'S HUMBLE & OBEDIENT FUSE. YES, YES. AND YOU, DEAR BELOVED, YES YOU - YOU ARE THE SPARK THAT SETS THE WHOLE THING OFF. AND, SHOULD IT EVER GET TOO MESSY, WE'LL JUST PUT ALL THE BLAME FOR THE CHARRED REMAINS ON YOU. THAT'S FAIR, ISN'T IT?

SPACE

INQUISITION



YEP. THAT'S ANOTHER BIG BALL OF DIRT UP AHEAD. BUT THIS ONE'S GOT WATER & LOTS OF VEG. ETATION ON IT'S FERTILE SOIL.

BUT THAT'S NOT ENUFF FOR THE POWER BROKERS ON THIS PLANET. NOT ENUFF TO LIVE IN AND MAINTAIN A PERFECT ECOSYSTEM. THEY LIKE GREEN STUFF ALLRIGHT - GREEN BACKED STUFF.



IT'S NOT JUST GREEDINESS EITHER. THEY WANT CONTROL - A MONOPOLY OF POWER. AND THIER EGOS ARE MAINTAINED ON THE BACKS OF THE PEASANTS, SOME-TIMES AT A HEAVY COST.

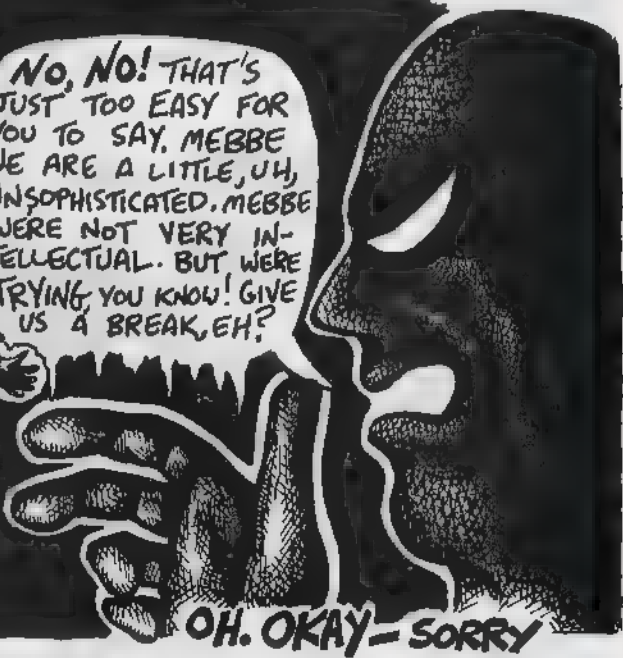


HEY - JUST A MINUTE NOW. THAT'S VERY ONE SIDED! WHAT ABOUT THE OTHER SIDE, HUH? THOSE TROUBLE MAKERS?!



NO, NO! THAT'S JUST TOO EASY FOR YOU TO SAY. MEBBE WE ARE A LITTLE, UH, UNSOPHISTICATED. MEBBE WERE NOT VERY INTELLECTUAL. BUT WERE TRYING YOU KNOW! GIVE US A BREAK, EH?

YES, THE OTHER SIDE TAKES ADVANTAGE OF THE PEASANTS ALSO. BUT IF THE POWER-PEOPLE SHARED MORE OF THE WEALTH, THERE MIGHT NOT BE A 'REBELLION' PROBLEM.



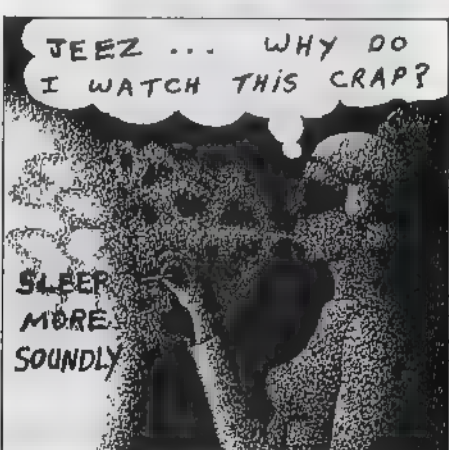
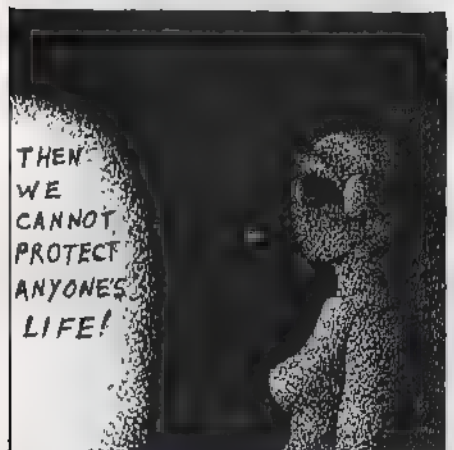
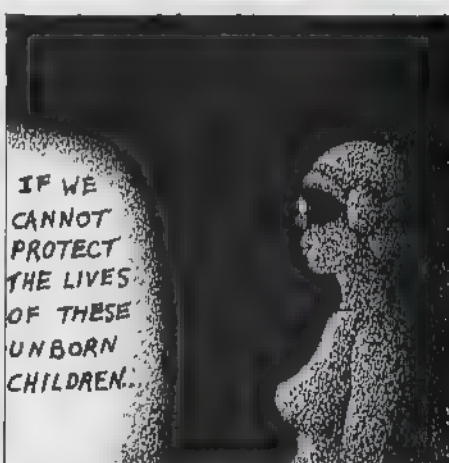
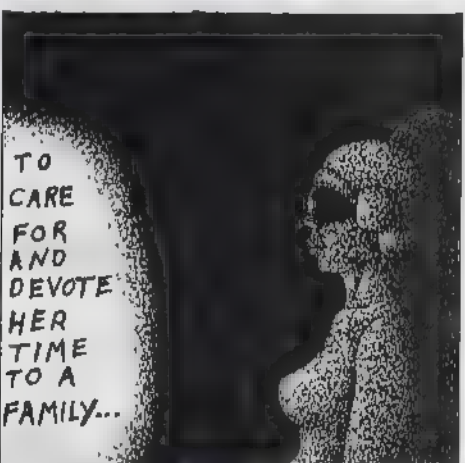
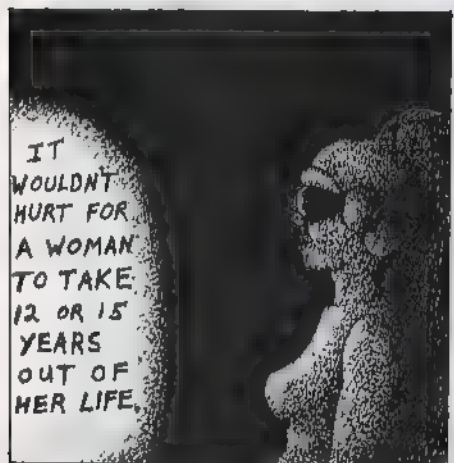
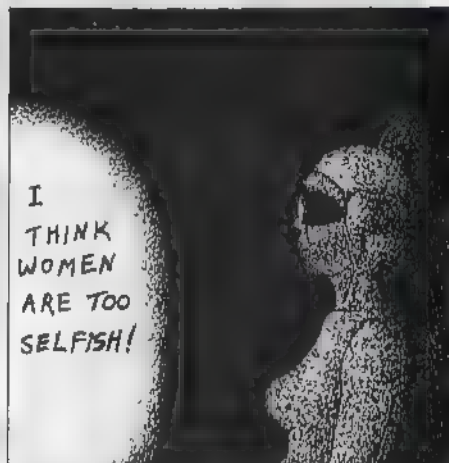
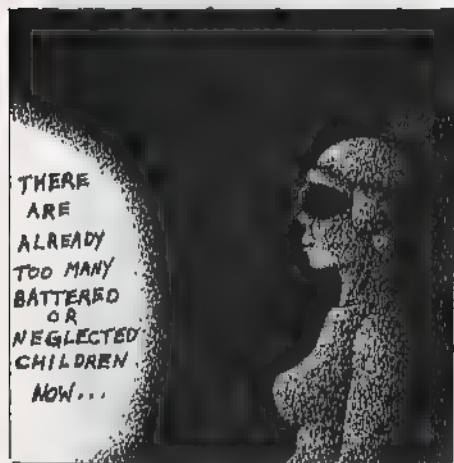
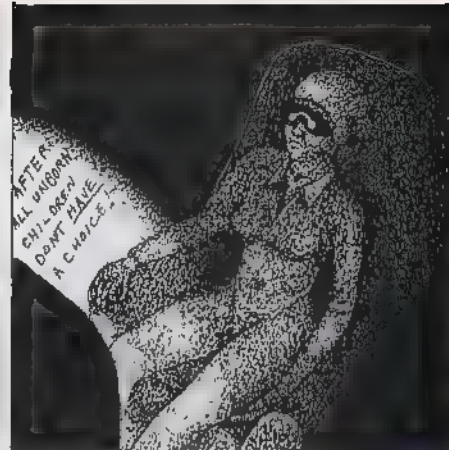
OH. OKAY - SORRY



NEXT: PUTTING A 'FREEDOM SUIT' ON GOD OR-PRAISE THE LORD & PASS THE AMMUNITION

FUTURE WOMAN

©1982 A. Z. ROBERTS



LARINDA?... SNIFF... IT...
HAPPENED AGAIN.....
LAST NIGHT.... I DON'T
KNOW.... HE JUST CAME
HOME.... MY TEETH'R
LOOSE.... YEAH.... MMHUH,
IT HURTS WHEN I
LAUGH... COUGH

HE WAS OVER AT HER
PLACE AGAIN.... HE SAYS
THERE'S NUTHIN' TO IT.
HE SAYS HE WAS JUST
PICKIN' UP SOME OF HIS
STUFF FROM WHEN HE
USED TO LIVE WITH HER.
.....

HE USE TO BEAT HER
UP TOO..... SHE STILL
WANTS 'IM.... SHE SAYS
THERE'S NUTHIN' GOIN' ON.
SHE SAYS SHE DOESN'T
EVEN WANT HIM TO
COME OVER BUT HE
DOES. SHE SAYS I
SHOULD LEAVE HIM...

WIFE BEATER II

SHIII.... SHE WANTS ME
TO LEAVE HIM SO SHE
CAN HAVE HIM~HU~HU..
SAAB...HU~HU...SAAB..
O-OH LARINDA I DON'T-
SA
SA~ SNIFF~ KNOW... I...
WHERE WOULD I GO....
SNIFF~HA~SAB~LARINDA-A
HED KILL ME-E-E.....

I CAN'T.... I DON'T
KNOW WHAT TO DO.....
I DON'T THINK HE REALLY
WANTS TO HURT ME....
HE... HE'S.. JUST....
CONFUSED.... WHEN HE
DRINKS.... SOMETIMES...
HE DOESN'T REMEMBER...
HE SAYS HE'S SORRY.....

HE DOESN'T WANNA
HIT ME. IT'S JUST
THAT HE GETS SO...
MAD... HE DOESN'T KNOW
WHAT HE'S DOIN'...
HE JUST HURTS INSIDE
LIKE SOME WOUNDED
ANIMAL...HU~HU~OOO
SSA~SSA~LARINDA-A..

...MAYBE HE'LL STOP....
SNIFF~ HE SAID.... I...
I DON'T KNOW.....
DAMMIT, LARINDA, I
LOVE THE BIG LUG!!
.....
MAYBE HE'LL STOP....

I DON'T KNOW....
I GOTTA GO.... HE
TOLD ME TO CLEAN THIS
MESS UP BEFORE HE GETS
HOME.... YEAH.... I'LL
CALL YA.... O.K. BYE!



POETIC INTERLUDE:

GOD GOTTA GUN
DEATH'S DUTIES DONE
TERROR TAMED TODAY
GOD GOT HIS WAY

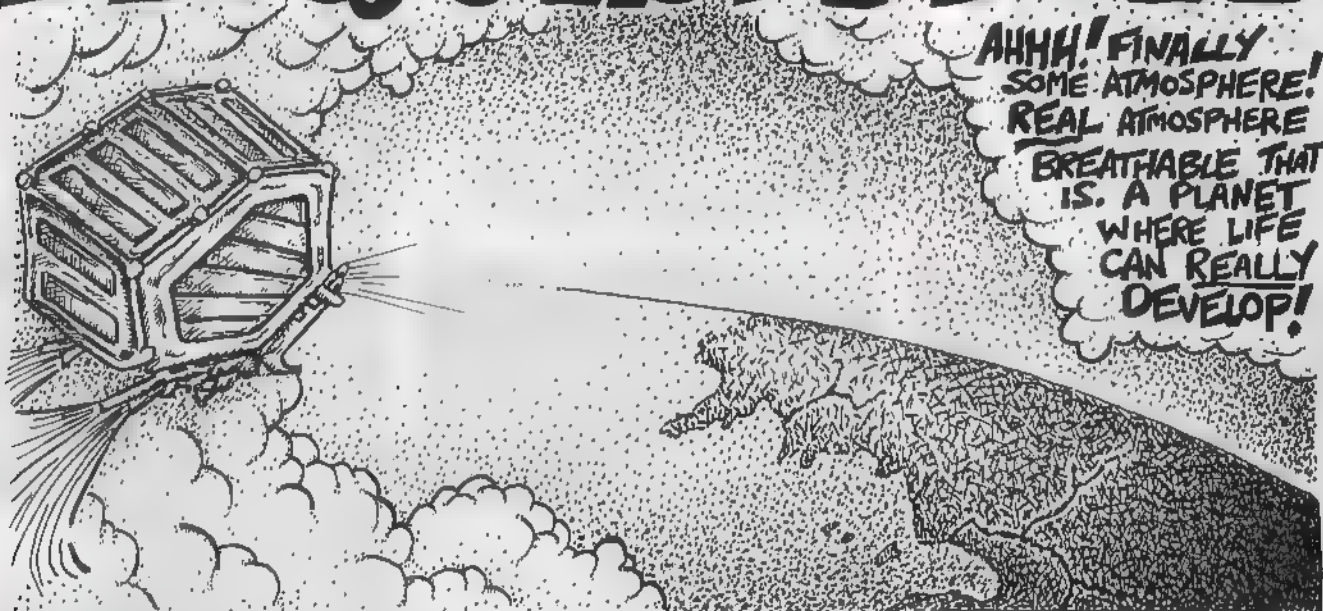
GOD GOTTA GUN
SELLS SALVATION SOMEDAY
GOD'S GOOD GOVERNMENTS
ALWAYS WANT IT THIER WAY

GOD GOTTA GUN
LOYAL LAYMEN LISTEN
NEVER NODDING NAY-
PASS THE AMMUNITION

GOD GOTTA GUN
FANNING FEAR'S FIRE
HELP HOLD HIS HALO
OVER LEADERS TO ADMIRE

SPACIOUS INQUISITION

©Tom R.



AHHH! FINALLY
SOME ATMOSPHERE!
REAL ATMOSPHERE
BREATHABLE THAT
IS. A PLANET
WHERE LIFE
CAN REALLY
DEVELOP!



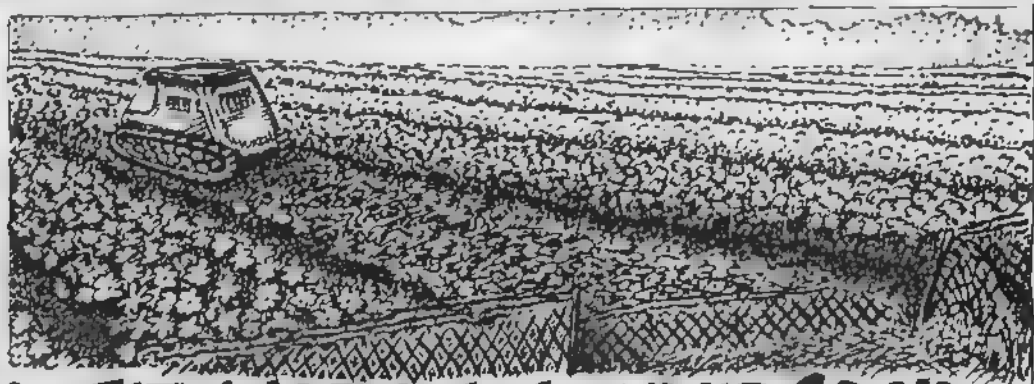
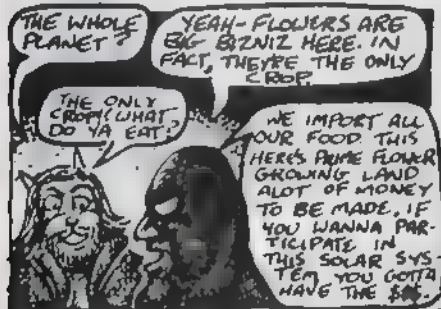
YOU GODLESS, INSUR-
RECTIONARY, TER-
RORIST, GUERILLA
TRAITOR SCUM!!

YOU COUNTER-REV-
OLUTIONARY, EN-
EMY OF SOCIALISM,
TOOL OF IMPERI-
ALIST SLIME!!

WHAT STATESMEN!

WHAT LEADERSHIP!! ALL THIS PLANET
REALLY NEEDS ARE FREE ELECTIONS-
SO THAT THE CITIZENS CAN FREELY CHOOSE
AMONGST THESE 2 (CLOSEST TOTALITARIANS).

YES, THIS PLANET'LL
BE FUN-I PROMISE!!
THERE'S LOTSA
SUNSHINE!
FRESH AIR!
GENTLE BREEZES!
DISTANT GUNFIRE!
YOU'LL
LOVE
IT!!

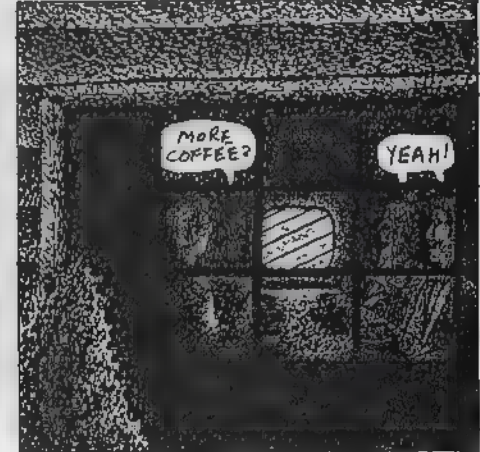
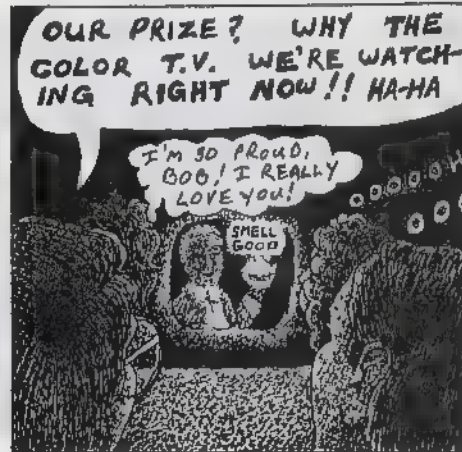
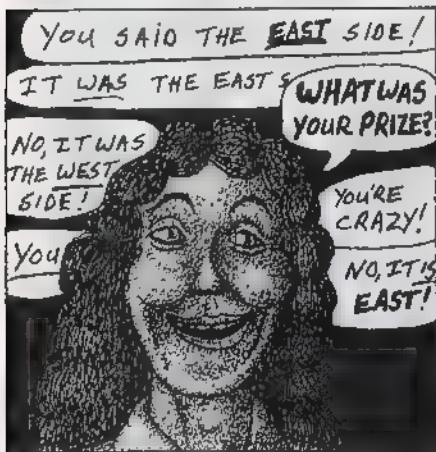
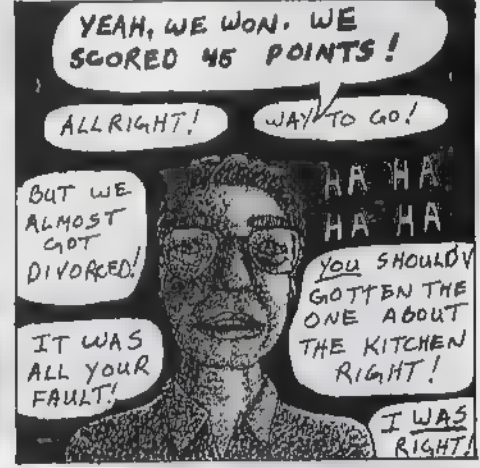
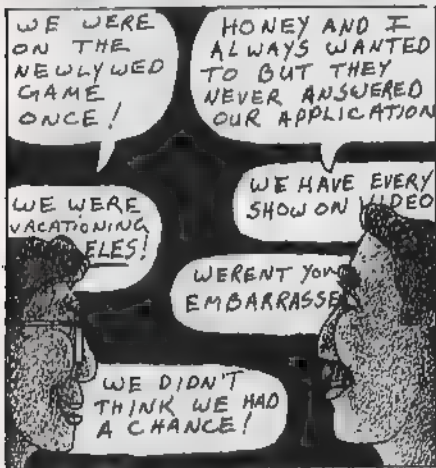
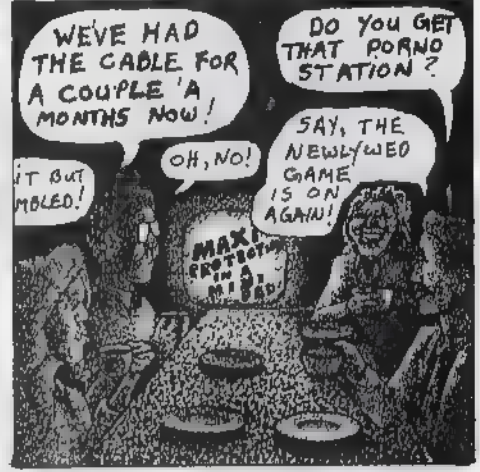
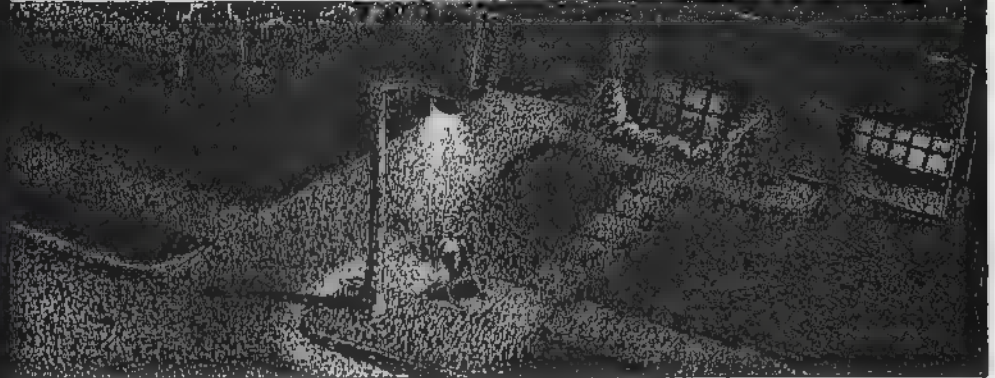


NEXT: GAIN THE WORLD-LOSE YOUR SOUL OR-WHEAT FOR FLOUR OR FLOWERS FOR DOUGH?

WARM AND HONEY BUNS ARE GOING OVER TO BOB AND VERA GOODE'S FOR AN EVENING OF TELEVISION VIEWING!

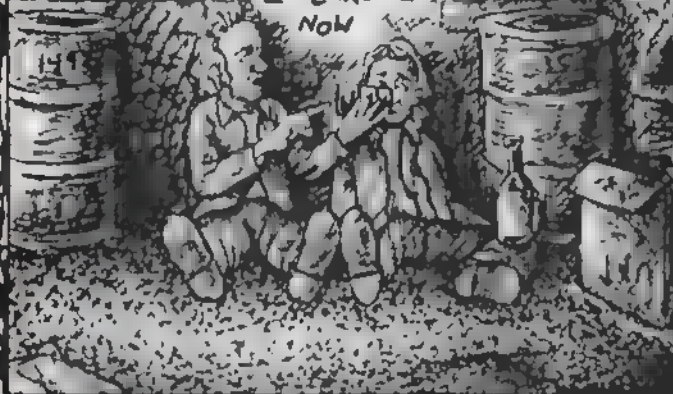
HONEY BUNS

©1985 K & R Books



WINDS

SHE'D BE
12 YEARS OLD
NOW



IN LOVE

BUT HER MAMA
DON'T WANT HER
TO EVER SEE
ME AGAIN

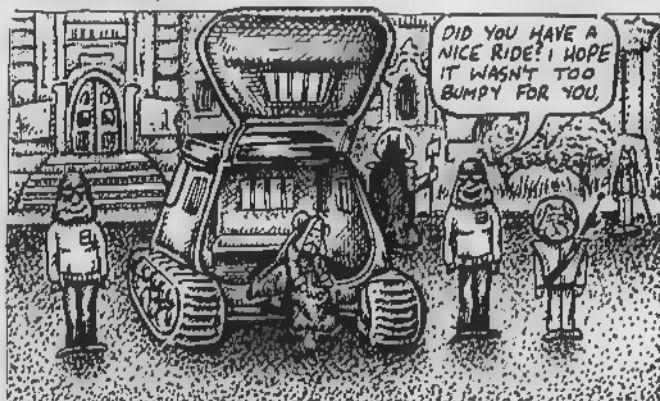


OH CHARLES, YOU LOOK SO
BEAUTIFUL IN THIS LIGHT!



PERHAPS GOD HAS NO EGO. GOD AIN'T NO INTELLECTUAL. GOD IS NOT A GOOD GUEST AT COCKTAIL PARTIES. GOD CAN'T CUT DOWN THE SKEPTICS WITH HIS DAZZLING RE-PARTE'. PROPHETS AND HEALERS COME ALONG IN THE NAME OF GOD, TELLING RIDDLES, TRYING TO TRICK US OUT OF OUR EGOS. BUT WE DEMAND SOMETHING MORE TANGIBLE. WE WANT THEM TO PROVE THEMSELVES BY DYING FOR US, THE BLOODIER THE BETTER. C'MON GOD!! DO SOMETHING COOL FOR US, SOMETHING FLASHY. FLEX THAT BIG OL' EGO FOR US, EH? NO. GOD IS NOT A SPIRITUAL GEEK SHOW, BUT

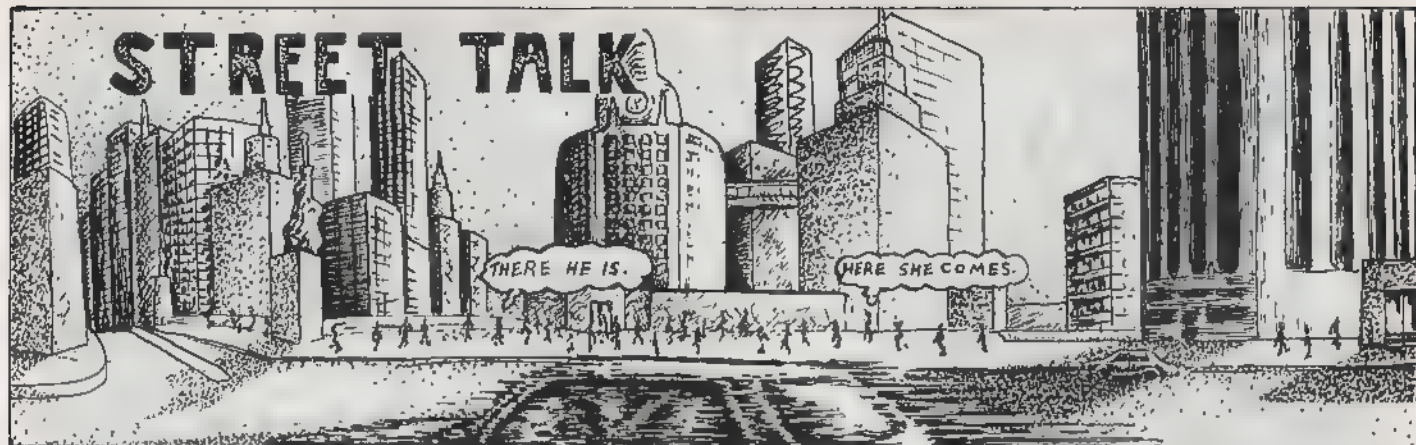
★SPACE★☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆★ INQUISITION! IS!





NEXT: NUN PLUS GUN EQUALS NONE OR- STRIFE IS BUT A DREAM!

STREET TALK

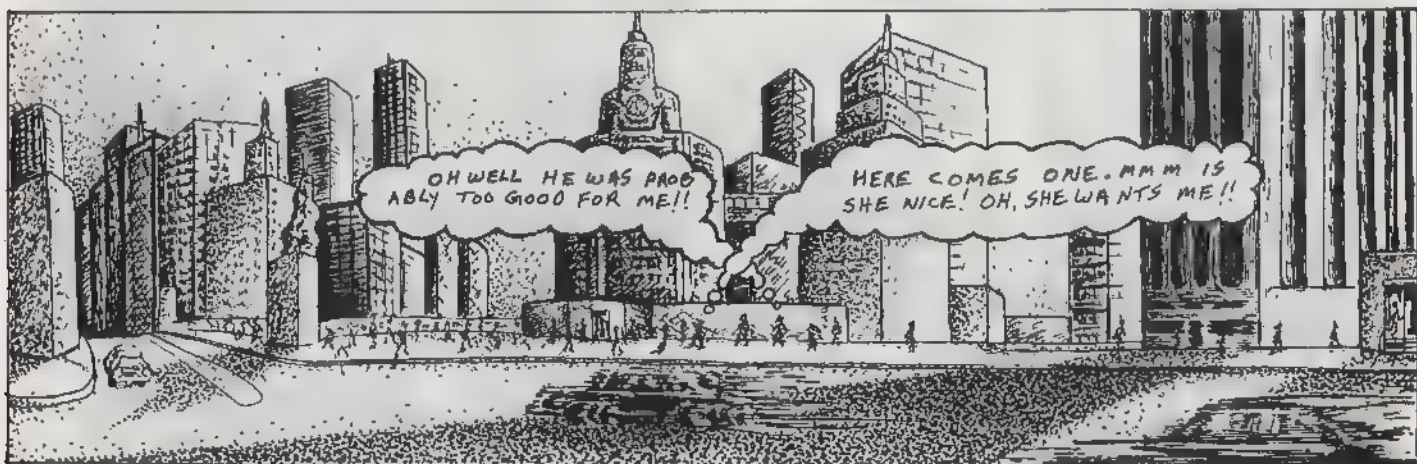


OOOH, HE WANTS ME. I KNOW HE DOES. HE PRETENDS NOT TO NOTICE ME 'CAUSE HE DOESN'T WANT ME TO KNOW HOW MUCH HE WANTS ME. I'M TOO GOOD FOR HIM ANYWAY!... I'LL TALK TO HIM. I'LL SAY, HI!... NO. I'LL STOP HIM CUT RIGHT THROUGH THE BULLSHIT AND ASK HIM FOR A DRINK. HE'LL FAINT!... NAH, TOO FORWARD. I'LL JUST SAY HI... BUT THEN HE'LL KNOW I'M INTERESTED. HE CAN REJECT ME. HE'S SAFE. AH... SO WHAT! AT LEAST I TRIED. HE WANTS ME TO SAY HI. I KNOW HE'S JUST WAITING FOR THE CHANCE TO TALK TO ME. I'M NO LOSER, HE CAN SEE THAT!

GOD, SHE WANTS ME, I KNOW SHE DOES. SHE PRETENDS NOT TO NOTICE ME 'CAUSE SHE DOESN'T WANT ME TO KNOW HOW MUCH SHE WANTS ME. I'LL TALK TO HER. I'LL SAY, HI NO, I'LL STOP HER, CUT RIGHT THROUGH THE BULLSHIT AND ASK HER FOR A DRINK!... NAHH, TOO FORWARD. I'LL SCARE HER AWAY. I'LL JUST SAY, HI BUT, THEN SHE'LL THINK I'M INTERESTED. THEN SHE CAN REJECT ME... AHH SO WHAT! AT LEAST I TRIED. SHE WANTS ME TO SAY HI. SHE'S JUST WAITING FOR ME TO TALK TO HER. I'M NO LOSER. SHE CAN SEE THAT!

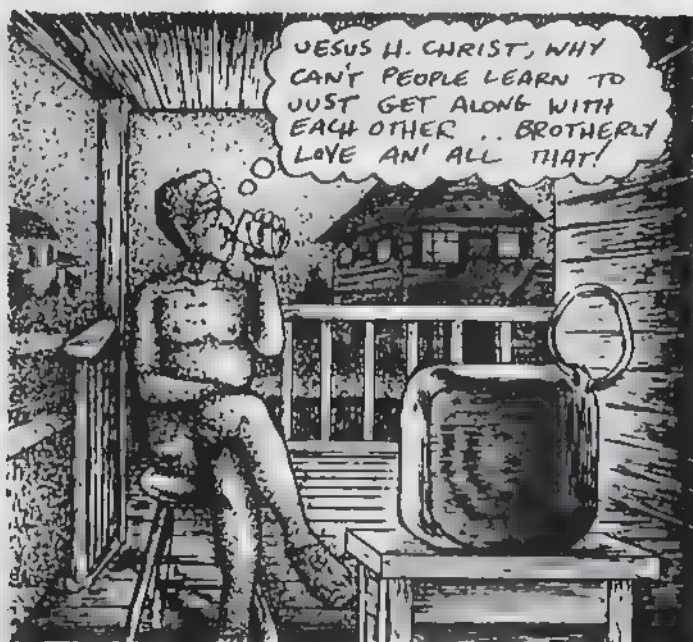
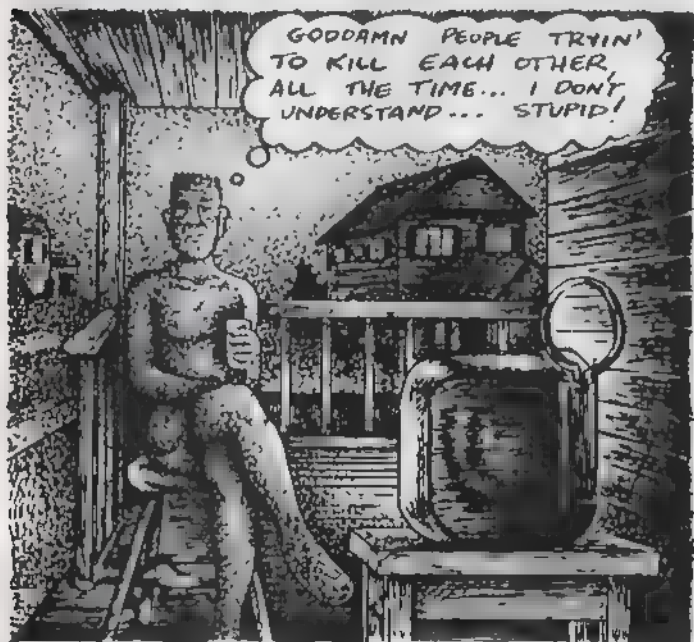
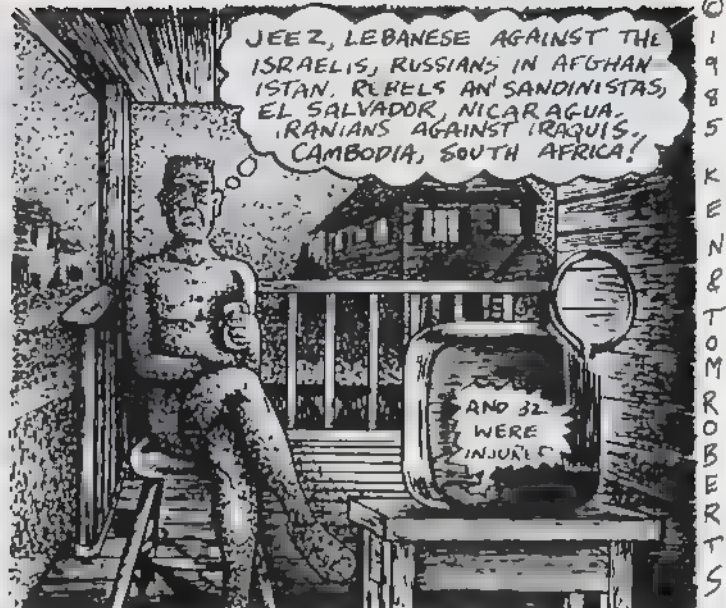
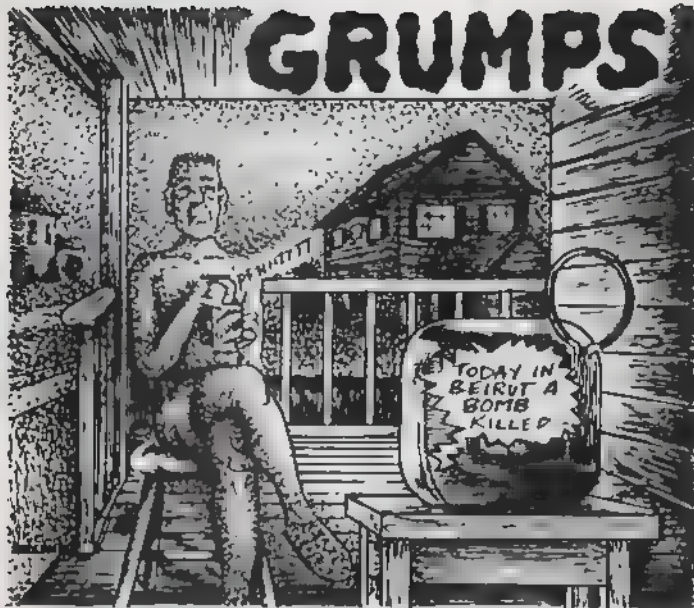
WHAT IF I'M WRONG! WHAT IF I'M JUST IMAGINING IT THIS IS A BIG CITY. NOBODY TALKS TO A STRANGER. HE'LL THINK I'M A WHORE. GOD, IF I COULD JUST AFFORD SOME NEW CLOTHES! IF I HAD AN APARTMENT IN A CLASSY NEIGHBORHOOD. IF I COULD JUST LOSE 15 POUNDS. IF MY BREASTS WERE ONLY BIGGER. IF I COULD AFFORD TO TAKE HIM OUT I WOULDN'T HAVE TO WORRY! HE PROBABLY HAS GIRLFRIENDS WHO HAVE MONEY! OOO QUICK, PRETEND YOU DON'T NOTICE HIM. DON'T LET HIM KNOW YOU LIKE HIM.

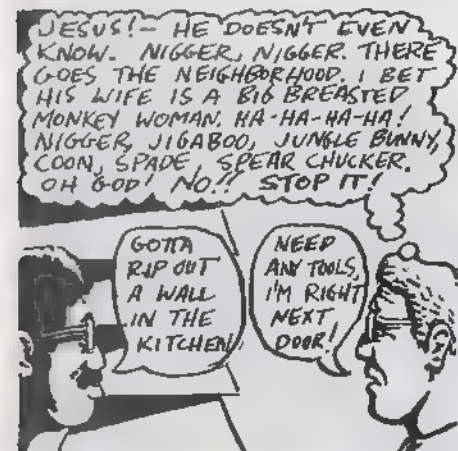
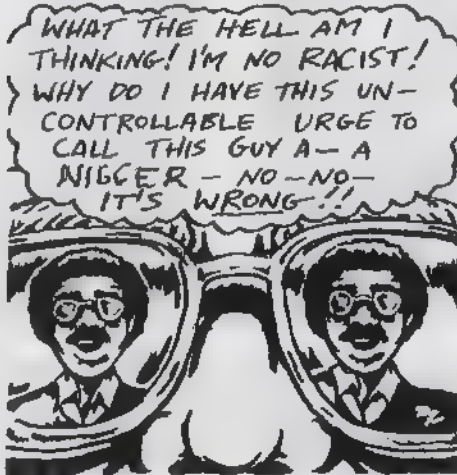
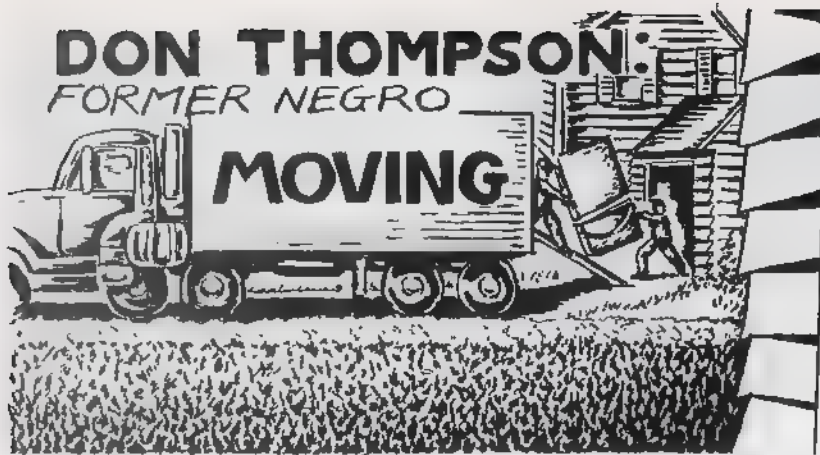
WHAT IF SHE'S NOT. WHAT IF MY INSTINCTS ARE WRONG. WHAT IF I'M JUST IMAGINING IT. THIS IS A BIG CITY. NOBODY TALKS TO A STRANGER FOR NO REASON, SHE'LL THINK I'M WIERD; A PERVERT SHE'LL SCREAM FOR THE POLICE. I CAN'T REALLY AFFORD TO TAKE HER TO A NICE PLACE FOR DINNER. SHE MUST KNOW GUYS WITH MONEY. MY CAR IS A RUST BUCKET. MY APARTMENT'S TOO SMALL. I'M NOT IN VERY GOOD SHAPE. ANYMORE. MY PENIS IS TOO SHORT. SHE'LL LAUGH AT MY STUPID CLOTHES. SHIT! QUICK, PRETEND LIKE YOU DON'T NOTICE HER! YEAH, SNUB THE UPPITY BITCH. HA, THINKS SHE'S TOO GOOD FOR ME! HA!



0198564 K. L. ROBERTS
inked by TOM ROBERTS

GRUMPS

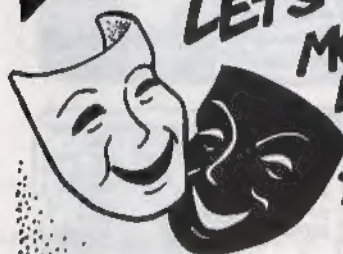




HOW IRONIC! LET'S TALK ABOUT A WORLD ADDICTED TO IRONY. HOW DID IT HAPPEN? WELL, I GUESS CERTAIN PEOPLE DEVELOPED CERTAIN LITTLE POINTS OF VIEW-CONVENIENTLY IGNORING OPPOSING POINTS OF VIEW-UNTIL WE NOW FIND OURSELVES IN A WACKY WORLD OF IRONY-THROWING UP OUR HANDS IN HELPLESSNESS TO SAY "HOW IRONIC?" & ALL THIS IRONY MAKES LIFE MORE ENTERTAINING, DONT IT? IT MAKES IT EASY TO REDUCE EVERYTHING TO QUICK, SICK JOKES & SNIDE COMMENTS. HA, HA, HA AD INFINITUM UNTIL SOMEBODY BLOWS UP THE WORLD. WELL MAYBE IT'S TIME TO SAY **FUCK IRONY** & LET'S ALL START BY NOT READING

SPACE INQUISITION

LET'S PAUSE FOR A MOMENT TO TAKE A LOOK AT THE LATEST CRAZE IN HONOR YES, YOU GUESSED RIGHT~



THOSE NEW TITANS OF COMEDY

TOTALITARIAN DICTATORS

THEY'RE SUCH CUT-UPS! THEY'RE KOOKY & GOOFY AND THEY SAY THE DARNEDEST THINGS!

TORTURE? THERE'S NO TORTURE HERE!

WE BELIEVE IN LOVE!!



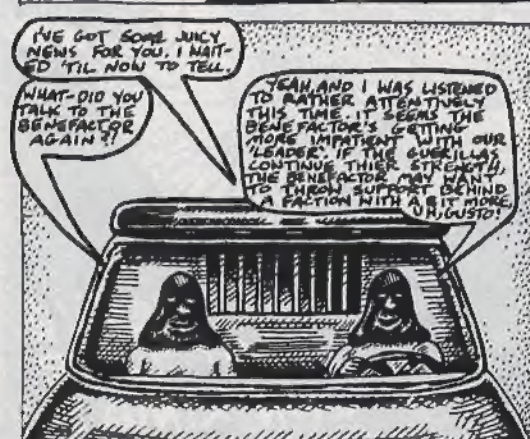
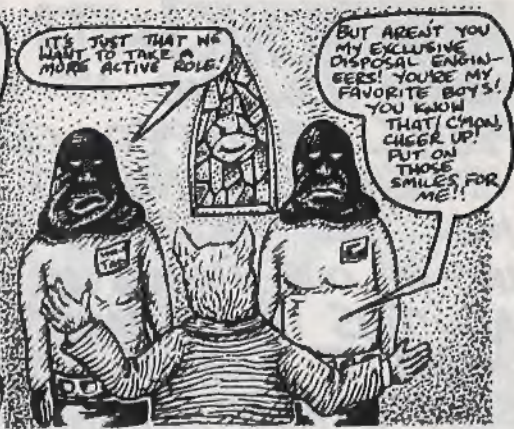
TORTURE? THERE'S NO TORTURE HERE!

WE BELIEVE IN REVOLUTION!



CHARLIE CHAPLIN, BUSTER KEATON MOVE OVER! THESE GUYS DON'T NEED BAGGY PANTS OR CUSTARD PIES NONO!

THEY'VE GOT THIER OWN KINDA SLAPSTICK. THEY'LL MAKE YOU LAUGH TIL YOU SCREAM & BEG FOR MERCY!



NEXT: REQUIEM FOR A HERETIC OR - AND THEN THERE WAS NUN

Continued from inside front cover.

Andy Warhol has been commissioned to create a new painting, but he has no green paint for his palette. What ratio of blue and yellow will he need to make green?

LIFESTYLE

Which of these magazines best fits in with your lifestyle?
(1) The New Republic (2) Smithsonian (3) National Geographic
(4) U.S. News & World Report
(5) Hustler

Which television program best fits in with your lifestyle?
(1) Masterpiece Theatre (2) Nova
(3) Meet the Press (4) Nightline
(5) Wheel of Fortune

Which seafood best fits in your lifestyle?
(1) Caviar (2) Oysters
(3) Lobster (4) Shrimp
(5) Fishsticks

PHILOSOPHY

Which of the following great philosophers would you think to be most likely to succeed in the highly competitive world of male modeling?

Plato
Aristotle
Nietzsche
Kant
Descartes

Match the following group of deceased writers and thinkers with the breakfast cereal you think they would most enjoy:

Marcel Proust	Sugar Crisp
Sophocles	Grape Nuts
Leonardo da Vinci	Wheaties
Sartre	Frankenberry
Karl Marx	Total

ESSAY

Compare the linguistical patterns of classic Latin with those of contemporary Harlem street slang and use your comparison in the composition of a contemporary work of opera.

Impose the dramatic structures of Greek tragedy onto your favorite sitcom and come up with a viable premise for a successful and long running Broadway show.

Compose a short sonnet that expresses the lost and lonely feeling that permeates your empty life and that will attract the attention of a prominent literary agent, who will then send you a six-figure contract for your first collection of poetry.

Move into the depths of the Australian outback and totally immerse yourself in aboriginal culture, never to be heard from again.

Synthesize a complex of proteins and enzymes that will eradicate the need for food in the diet and will solve forever the problems of pestilence and hunger.

Devise a plan for world peace that would be acceptable to every nation and would end forever all deviousness and malice between nations and ethnic groups.

READING COMPREHENSION

Albert Einstein fumbled with the material at hand. He was confused, slightly anxious. His breathing was deeper now. It was getting warm. He did not fully understand what was happening to him. Was this "the muse"? It was something new. It seemed to feel so...so big! It strained now and squirmed as if to free itself of some confining prison where it had lain undiscovered for eternity.

Like so many great men before him, Galileo, Newton, Socrates, Plato: the thinkers and designers of our very lives, even the artists: DaVinci, Michelangelo, Shakespeare, Cezanne, they all had their moment of discovery, their time of wonderment, fascination and uncertainty. They too were vessels for that uncontrollable happening that blossoms warmly as the very life force penetrates pushing, pulsing, ever upward erecting the hooded shape of awareness.

The fine music of Mozart, Stravinsky, Montovani and Bach was never so sensitive and pure and compelling as the feelings of this man at this moment, attempting to comprehend the pounding rush of excitement and yearning for release that came from within as his eyes scanned the figures on the pages of his books. His hand moved quickly up and down the column seeking some kind of answer.

Like any other great discovery emerging from the mud of obscurity this one poked its head from beneath the folds of now yielding unnecessary material as his fingers worked feverishly. It sprang full blown into view, he merely a witness to this thing that seemed to grow out of him with a mind of its own. He watched in awe of the beauty of this thrilling great tool of mankind. He ran his senses over the ridges and bumps like a blind man touching a tree or a hot dog for the very first time.

Then as the perspiration began to bead, he felt a seed. A small river within began to grow in waves, flowing towards the tip of this critical mass. Was this the answer Einstein had been seeking?

Einstein saw stars and planets and light. Suddenly he was speeding along through those stars and then ultimately he was the light. His entire being was washed in a feeling of oneness with the universe, as though he were a relative of every other thing in existence.

Fireworks exploded in his head as he doubled over and wave after wave of enlightenment spewed forth into the void splashing into pearly kinetic pools pulled down by gravity and rudely halted by the mass of energy that was his laboratory floor, light reflecting, glistening. Yes, yes! This was the answer. It all made sense now. Of course, this was the meaning of existence.

Question :

1. Einstein's discovery was how long?
 - a. 4-5 inches
 - b. 7 inches
 - c. 10 inches
 - d. 18 inches

